JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 221.

No. 063076

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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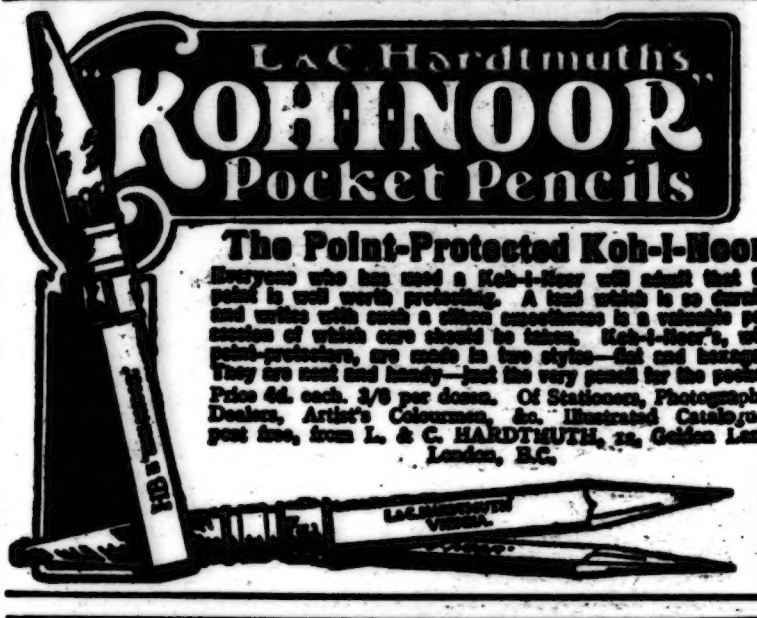

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JOHN BULL.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

By the time these lines are read there may have been a sensational development in the Kent murder case.

What are all these stories about the King of Spain getting into disgrace, and his wife running off to her mother, and his tearing off after her to try and make it up? Of course, we don't believe a word of it. Royalties don't do such things. We are not surprised that Alfonso should have lost his hat when his wife lost her head.

By the way, why does the King go about with his mouth open? We wish he would inform us how many flies he contrives to catch in the course of an afternoon. Nor is it quite dignified on the part of a monarch to be always chasing his hat in the streets. We shall really have to save up our pennies and buy him a hat-guard. Meanwhile, Viva Carlos siete!

It is now announced that the King of the Belgians has given up alcohol and smoking. We wonder when he will give up his other naughty little ways.

Surely it is unnecessary for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to assure us that he is really and truly the author of the new Patents Act. It may have been rather disappointing to find that one of the best measures passed by the present Government should be claimed by the other side. But we do not like this hasty rushing into print in the case of Cabinet Ministers. By the way, a pink paper points out a strange combination on a *Daily Mail* poster:—

WHAT LLOYD GEORGE
IS DOING IN GERMANY.
RICH MAN'S WIFE CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING.

Presumably the shilling refers to the Income Tax.

Apropos the recent row over the Strand Statuary, it is interesting to note that Macaulay, in his "History of England," when dealing with the orgie which followed the Restoration, mentions that among other things (such as the suppression of Betting, Bear-baiting, and so on), "The Commonwealth Parliament resolved that the Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, be delivered over to Puritan stonemasons to be made decent." We beg to move that the Strand nudities be handed over to Mrs. Ormiston Chant to have a few redundancies chipped off with the ferrule of her gamp.

The foreign policy of this country seems to be going along all right, and as Sir Charles Hardinge directs it, he must have our congratulations. But we have misgivings about government by permanent officials. It does away with the doctrine of ministerial responsibility, and, in less capable hands, might lead to abuses. It was not a success in Ireland, where Lord Macdonnell made himself unbearable to every succeeding Chief Secretary. The shadow behind the throne may be very effective, but it remains suspect. We English like to know who is governing us; and this fact may explain the recent activity in Imperial affairs of some of the younger bloods of the Ministry.

What is this latest yarn about Bradlaugh? The Rev. Mr. Weller, who preaches in the City (probably to the sexton and the clerk), says that in one of his very last letters Bradlaugh admitted that he "no longer dared to say 'There is no God.'" Mr. Weller is bound, in honour, to produce the letter. As a matter of fact, Bradlaugh *never did* make the assertion which he is supposed to have repented of. Let Mr. Weller refer us to a line in any of the dead man's writings

containing it. Being an infinitely greater priest than Mr. Weller, he had the modesty of greatness; and being an infinitely more religious man than Mr. Weller, he had the reverence of intellectual honesty—he simply said "I do not know." And if Death has revealed the great secret to him, he is now an archangel—and some day Mr. Weller will pay him homage.

There has been quite an animated discussion in the papers about the action of the Barnstaple Watch Committee in ordering policemen to chastise disorderly children. Some people are arguing that no one ought to be punished until he has been duly convicted, while others protest that it is much kinder to apply timely correction than to drag a child into the police courts. For our part, we are not sufficiently enamoured of the judgment of country policemen to be very keen about allowing them to take the law into their own hands.

The *Westminster Gazette* tells us that the Government has made up its mind to deal very strenuously with gambling next year. Not only are competitions of the Limerick kind, and the sale of lottery bonds, to be suppressed, but a regular campaign is to be undertaken against betting on horse-races. Why draw the line at this? Why not shut up the Stock Exchange and deal drastically with all forms of insurance? And why not make it a penal offence to go over to the French watering-places for a flutter? On the other hand, it is interesting to find an organ of the Government (and therefore of the Nonconformist conscience) pointing out that gambling has been enormously on the decrease in this country for a long time, and that "for every £1,000 which changed hands fifty years ago in Tattersall's over classic races and big handicaps, £50 changes hands now." Evidently the more moral we become, the more anxious are the goody-goody to make us more perfect still. At this rate we shall soon be taking our harps and crowns out of pawn.

Abdul Aziz may not have been very successful as Sultan of Morocco, but he is certainly a sticker. His armies have been cut up and put to confusion, but he resolutely refuses to abdicate, and seems to have made up his mind to go on fighting for his throne all by himself. Meanwhile the French continue to make donkeys of themselves. Their only excuse for intervention was the protection of Europeans and the restoration of order. They attempted to do this by supporting Abdul Aziz, but it is only since he came to grief that order has been restored and that Europeans joy comparative safety.

A very interesting pamphlet has been published by George Nastitch, the man who gave the sensational evidence at the State Trial at Cetinje. He gives detailed information proving the complicity of Peter Karageorgevitch in the manufacture of bombs for use not only in Montenegro but in Bosnia and other parts of Austria inhabited by Servians. His agents for this kind of work are a Secret Society, known as the Slovenski Jug, which is now shown to be affiliated with Anarchists. We therefore have this curious position—that the King of a recognised State is actually in league with persons whose avowed programme it is to wipe out the rulers of all other countries. Surely it is high time that the Kings of the earth put their heads together in order to terminate Peter's career of crime.

The King of Greece seems to occupy an ambiguous position at Aix-les-Bains. We do not know what his relations with the Casino authorities are, but he seems to act as their advertising agent and show visitor, doing everything they tell him except taking banks at baccarat. The other night he was wanted to attend a function of some kind, but he sent word that he was tired and had gone to bed. The manager of the Casino was furious and sent him a message to say he must get up and come round at once. This he obligingly did. Of course, it is appropriate that the King of the "Greeks" should be in evidence at a gambling hell.

If we lived in Houndsditch, we should be among the first to agitate for a change of name, for we think the sound of a place has a great deal to do with the enjoyment of living there. Who, for instance, would ever want to go to Slough or Hull or Putney or Woking? Perhaps we dislike the name of the latter place chiefly because of its associations with cremation. On the other hand, what a nice cheerful, hilarious place Tooting sounds; what a gentle monastic retreat is suggested by Whitechapel; what a redolence of cherries and lavender and sylvan rusticity clings to the Old Kent Road! There is something in a name after all.

Doctors are very fond of recommending "change of air," and their patient patients compass sea and land to chase a whiff of ozone or a breath of pine or what not. We suggest that someone should build a palace or casino with various rooms impregnated to represent various climates. Instead of hustling among excursionists in search of exhilaration, we should merely walk along a passage to find Bournemouth or Carlsbad or Grindelwald, or any locality suited to our system. The thing ought not to be difficult to arrange.

What could be more eloquent of the defiant disregard of the law by motor-car drivers than the fact that Herbert Ewood, chauffeur to Mr. Asquith, has been fined at Ballater for exceeding the speed limit? He is in the service of a Prime Minister, who is also an eminent lawyer, and yet he is caught driving through the street at thirty miles an hour, knowing all the while that he is disobeying the law. If such a man, in the employment of such a personage, does this sort of thing, what is to be expected of other men in charge of motor-cars? It is the example set in high places which manufactures the road-hog everywhere and which has made the reckless speed of motor-cars a menace to life in our streets and highways. The evil is growing worse and worse, and, despite the fact that we have a motor-car owning body of legislators, it looks as if the pressure of public opinion will sooner or later compel them to adopt a drastic amendment of the existing law.

It would be improper for us to comment on the charge made against a Blackpool woman and her daughter for begging on behalf of the Oak Bank Orphanage, Weaste, alleged by the police to be a bogus institution. The allegation is that the woman and her daughter, incited by the "manager and secretary," went begging for subscriptions, the girl being paid 2s. 6d. a week, and the woman £1 a week, with 15 to 33 per cent. commission on the amount collected, and that "Pastor Houseley and several others were living on the subscriptions." Now, whatever the real facts in this case, there is too much reason to believe that in London and other parts of the country, many so-called charitable institutions are really bogus concerns, whose only reason for existence is that of providing their conductors with as fat a living as they can get by touting circulars and money-boxes which are thrust under the noses of the public at every convenient occasion. In London especially, the clattering money-box has become a flagrant nuisance; and we may hesitate to describe it as a flagrant fraud and impesture because the means of proof are difficult. But when they do come to our hands, we shall certainly risk a fall with some of these street cadgers who now masquerade before the public as philanthropists.

It is characteristic of the Rev. J. Stratton, Warden of the Lucas Hospital at Wokingham, to write correcting our statement that Jennings, whom Mr. Stratton and the rich Drapers' Company between them turned out of the hospital into the workhouse in the days of his senility and decrepitude, died "a few days" after his change of residence. As a matter of fact, says Mr. Stratton, "Jennings left the hospital on June 6th, and died on July 9th." Well, well, let it be so. The old man was turned out of this charity hospital on the suggestion of the rev. gentleman to the Governors, apparently because on one occasion he had been found staggering about in the middle of the night with a candle, in a condition of senile irresponsibility. The Governors acted on the rev. gentleman's recommendation, instructing their clerk to write that unless the Guardians took Jennings in they would put the old man outside the hospital and leave him there. The action of the Guardians saved one of the wealthiest livery companies in London from making good the threat of that monstrous outrage. From the Lucas Hospital Jennings passed into the workhouse, and a month afterwards he lay dead. The Rev. Mr. Stratton is welcome to his correction, and we repeat our hope that the Drapers' Company will be more considerate to him in the evening of *his* life than they were to the wrecked hulk of old humanity which they cast out of the haven of their pity.

So long as the death penalty remains part of our penal code—and the sooner it is abolished, the better—juries cannot be too determined in insisting upon the fullest details at every inquest after an execution. We observe that recently at Londonderry the coroner stated, in reply to questions from a juror, that he hadn't the slightest idea who had acted as executioner, and added that it didn't really matter, as all the jury had to do was to find the cause of death. But that won't do at all, at all. Whilst the law throws upon us the responsibility—the awful responsibility—of sending a fellow creature headlong to eternity, we are not only entitled, but we are bound to be satisfied that the grim sentence has been carried out with decorum, and with as little outrage upon our humanity as the circumstances permit.

The Rector of Brierley Hill—which is Birmingham way—has decided not to allow any more weddings in his church (note the possessive case—*his* church!) on Sundays. They "often cause disorderly crowds to assemble." And he calls upon his flock ("Flock"—a herd of sheep) to "prevent the desecration of the Sabbath by wedding festivities." He favours Saturday marriages. But, being a parson, he forgets that some people have to work on Saturdays, and, being a rector, he doesn't realise that some people can't afford to lose even half a day's pay in order to attend the weddings of their friends and relatives. It isn't as though they had tithes and things of that sort coming in regularly, you see. They have to *work*—vulgar dogs!

Harrowing accounts have appeared this week of a "race war" at Springfield, Ill., and we are led to believe that the inhabitants of that town are fiends incarnate. Now we have no superfluous love for the Yankee, but we are disposed to think in this case that he is in the right. The best trait of the Anglo-Saxon race has always been the sanctity in which it holds the honour of its women. This was so understood in India, that even in the blackest days of the Mutiny, our women were hardly ever outraged. Only people who have lived amongst natives can understand the fury which such acts arouse among the whites. They also know it is but a step from insolence to outrage. There is only one thing which the nigger thoroughly understands, and that is a good hiding.

Heavens! What next! Announcement is made from Birmingham that "the fight between Britain and Germany for the umbrella trade is becoming fiercer than ever." Now you would suppose that if any two-legged being on this earth were specially ordained by nature to make umbrellas it would be the Englishman. You would say that the climate in which he is able to exercise his genius has been providentially accorded to him in order that he may make better, and stronger, and bigger, and cheaper umbrellas than can possibly be made in any other portion of the habitable globe. And yet from Birmingham comes the poignant cry that Germany is dumping umbrellas in this country to such an extent that the poor British manufacturers cannot make more than a paltry 5 per cent., free of income tax. Evidently the British umbrella trade is joining Mr. Chamberlain's "decayed and ruined industries." On your knees, brothers—and pray for more wet.

The Rev. E. H. Hinchliffe has been taking the North Staffs Field Club round his churchyard and amusing his guests by showing them the most remarkable graves. His favourite one appears to be that of a madman supposed to have been buried early in the nineteenth century. Recently, when the grave was opened, the coffin was found to be unusually heavy, whereupon someone opened it out of curiosity and discovered that it was full of stones. The most probable explanation is that the madman's body was stolen by medical students. But the point which interests us for the moment is—By whose authority were the stones exhumed? We remember the great difficulties which arose in connection with the opening of the Druce vault. But here some village grave-digger quietly digs into the ground, finds a strange coffin, and amuses himself by breaking it open. Surely somebody ought to suffer the penalties of præmunire at the very least!

We are in the habit of sneering at the French about the insecurity of their streets, but complaints are made of a similar state of things even in some of our fashionable watering-places. About six o'clock one evening a short time ago, a gentleman was walking home through Boscombe Chine, when a ruffian suddenly sprang out upon him from behind a bush, and would no doubt have overpowered him but for a useful acquaintance with Ju-Jitsu. This assault might, of course, have happened anywhere, and so far does not make a particularly striking story. But when the incident was reported to the police, they calmly replied that the assailant was well-known to them, and that they had been keeping their eyes upon him for some time. Surely they might have been better employed in clapping their hands upon him, or at any rate in taking some steps to prevent his becoming a nuisance to a locality whose population chiefly consists of invalid ladies and retired colonels. We understand that this is by no means an isolated case, and we shall be interested to hear from any correspondents who are able to report similar experiences.

To those degenerates who are everlastingly seeking a new sensation, a recent advertisement conveyed tidings of comfort and joy:—

> "Man required for demonstration purpose on old English rack (Star Chamber Pattern); would have to be slightly stretched to show how rack worked; man should be short to start with—Address," etc.

It appears the "demonstration" was to take place in connection with one of the various side-shows of the Franglo Exhibition, and the advertisement resulted in an avalanche of answers. One doubting Thomas says: "I should like to see it first." He is evidently not the stuff heroes are made of, and we put rather more faith in the gentleman who says "I am 5ft. 9in.,

and should like to be 6ft." A quaint person from Wales informs the advertiser that he "is thick-set, and has often wanted to stretch." He should consult Mr. Billington. From Hyde Park or thereabouts comes a mysterious application, in which the writer says, "I think my extenuating circumstances render me eminently suitable for the position." He adds, "My experience of this line of work has hitherto not been very extended, but perhaps you are willing to stretch a point." A Wimbledon applicant pleads guilty to "4ft. 2½in. high, but very pleased to stretch to something over 5ft." How much over depends on the cash nexus, probably. The bed of Procrustes becomes a joke when we read from Kennington, "Provided you don't exceed my modulus of elasticity, I am willing, as I am deucedly hard up. I am 5ft. 9in. in my boots; if that is too tall, surely a little adjustment could be effected." Finally, an Oxford man—a freshman probably—declares that "if not for anatomical purposes, but to inflame religious prejudices, I know someone who would do the job for nothing." Personally, we will pay all expenses if our own Mr. Crow will volunteer.

On the wall at the side of our office desk is a framed group of "Men of Millions," issued, as a special supplement, by the *Financial Times*, about twelve years ago. What reflections it conjures up! There is poor old Barney Barnato, who committed suicide by jumping off a liner on his way home from South Africa! And his nephew, "Wolfy"—shot dead in his office! Then there is our old City friend, Orris, killed in a motor smash! And jovial Colonel North, dropped dead in his office! And persecuted Whittaker Wright, hounded to suicide by public clamour! And Hooley, the discredited high priest of industrial finance! And Frank Gardiner, the dethroned magnate of the Mining Market! And so we could continue—running through the vicissitudes and tragedies of nearly a dozen lives, and thus reduce the group to a little band of survivors, of which we suppose we ought to be thankful to be one—even though we have mislaid the millions. *Sic transit gloria* URBIS!

Another irony! Amongst the victims of the recent colliery disaster was a young preacher, who had left two of his fellow-workmen on the spree, after vainly endeavouring to persuade them to return to the pit. They heard the news of the explosion whilst in the midst of their revels, and are now safe and sound, whilst their comrade's body lies dead in the mine. Our deepest sympathy goes out to the relatives of the well-meaning and dutiful fellow; but what would have been said if death had overtaken the two revellers and the other had escaped? "God moves in a mysterious way," you will say. Quite so; and that is why the truly religious man doesn't profess to explain these things. To our mind, one of the ugliest spectacles in the world is that of a self-satisfied human microbe going on his knees to thank God for his deliverance from some great disaster which has wrecked the homes and lives of others. We were arguing this point once with a man who had been the sole survivor from a wreck. "If," said he, "there was not a Divine intention in it, how do you account for God having allowed me to escape?" He was a diminutive, insignificant bit of humanity, and we replied, "Perhaps He didn't notice you."

At a London police-court the other day a man was charged with street betting—the depraved creature! But the evidence consisted of the testimony of two constables. Apparently, Mr. Baggallay, the magistrate, thinks that even a policeman may sometimes err, and he likes witnesses to be out of court till they are wanted in the box. And this is what happened. **First Bobby:** "We had kept the prisoner under observation for five minutes." Second ditto: "We came suddenly upon him." Case dismissed, and the constables reported to the Commissioner. Come, come, Robert, this will never do—even if the prisoner *were* a bookmaker. After all, he is a man and a brother.

"Whenever I hear of a man stealing bread because he is hungry, I find it difficult to send that man to prison. The instrument of punishment breaks in one's hand." So spake Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court the other day. The words reflect credit upon the genial cadi's heart—but they are dangerous words from the lips of a magistrate. It sounds a cruel thing to say, but it were better that in all such cases the sternest penalty of the law were inflicted—and then perhaps the public conscience would be aroused, and even members of Parliament might do something besides talking.

Perhaps the truest of all hackneyed phrases is that "History repeats itself." To fully appreciate the force of the remark you should study the pages of "Hansard"—the official reports of parliamentary proceedings. There you will find almost every question of to-day turning up in each generation—with all the same familiar argument, for and against. Equally, a rummage into the files of old newspapers will reveal a similar result. Just look at this, from the *Town and Country Magazine, or Universal Repository*, of March, 1791:—

> *To the Editor of the "Town and Country Magazine."*
>
> Sir,—You did me the honour to insert a letter of mine, signed John Bull, in your last Supplement; wherein I censured the conduct of administration respecting the unclaimed dividends. I therein recommended (before the proposed sum of five hundred thousand pounds was appropriated to the accommodation of the public), a list to be published of the names of the proprietors of the principal stock, the dividends of which have been unclaimed.
>
> In consequence of such letter (it is presumed) Mr. Loveden has made a motion in the house of commons to that effect, and very little doubt can be entertained that his endeavours will not be crowned with success. I therefore congratulate you and myself, that our hint has been adopted by a gentleman so capable and willing to urge a due attention to justice respecting individuals.
>
> And am, sir, Your most Humble servant,
>
> *March 6, 1791.* John Bull.

We mustn't throw ourselves about too much over our Unclaimed Bank Balances Bill, after all.

The Lancashire cotton mills have fallen upon such hard times that the Lancashire "wakes" have this year severely suffered in consequence. Blackpool has especially felt the pinch of the shoe. Commonly, Lancashire operatives invest a certain part of their wages every week in a holiday fund, and each year the money is drawn out and spent, usually in Blackpool, for which the Lancashire lads and lasses have the warmest affection. For years past, hundreds of thousands of operatives have squandered their money in the town. This year they have made a great deal of broken time, thousands have been unable to take a holiday at all, and even those who have taken one in the usual way have had considerably less money to spend. The employers are now demanding a five per cent. wage reduction. By way of retaliation, the men's societies threaten to withdraw their loan investments from the cotton-spinners, but whether this card, if played, would make much difference in the situation, is a question.

As a result of the defalcations of the late borough collector of Barnsley the ratepayers are called on to pay another fourpence in the pound. But it appears clear on the facts that if the Finance Committee of the Corporation had brought to their duties

proper supervision and average capacity, the defalcations of the collector would have been discovered long before they were. Is it a reasonable proposition that if the collector had been adequately audited and supervised in his accounts he would have been able to embezzle £7,821 undiscovered, leaving out of the reckoning any other sums which suspicion credits him with taking? However, the long and the short of it is, that the ratepayers of Barnsley, and not the members of the Finance Committee, have to make this money good, though rates in Barnsley are more than high enough already. In an ordinary way they would have been able to take their change out of the Committee at the coming November election, but we gather that the two political parties regularly do a deal with the object of avoiding a contest. Thus the cliques call the tune, and the ratepayers pay the piper.

More school "howlers": "Leap-year is so-called because for three years the earth goes round the sun, and then leaps over it." "The first man who went on Crusades was Robinson Crusoe." "A cuttle-fish has an octopus-shaped head." "The tiger is striped because he don't want to be spotted; the leopard is spotted because he don't want to be stripped." "Pronouns are Personal, Demonstrative, and Undemonstrative, as *I*—I *love* you—I *hate* you." "The seventh commandment is, Thou shalt not kick a duckery." "We must bow to the clergyman in the street, although the Bible says we are not to bow down to *any* graven image." "Jesus was tempted in the wilderness with bread and chicken, for he said, 'Man cannot live by bread alone; get the hens, Satan.'" "The Catechism says we must promise to fight against three great evils, meaning my godfathers and godmothers." "When the Shunammite's son was dead, Elisha was sorry, for he was left alone with a widow." "The first thing Noah did when he came back was to bury all the people who were drowned."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of May 23, uly 4 and 25:—

R. C. LOWE, 35, St. John's Hill Grove, S.W. (No. 63259—May 23rd.)
R. G. SHARPE, Woolton Courtenay, Dunster, W. Somerset. (No. 27350—July 4th.)
DR. H. WILMOT SMITH, Olga House, Blockall, Darlaston, S. Staffs. (No. 129—July 25th.)
ERNEST L. GRAVES, 41, North Portland Place, Clapham, S.W. (No. 66171—July 25th.)
GEO. LENG, Sackville Hotel, Bexhill-on-Sea. (No. 75059—July 25th.)
WALTER BUNCH, 155, Speakman Road, St. Helens. (No. 112962—July 25th.)
C. DOCKETT, 35, Hugo Road, Tufnell Park, N. (No. 23273—July 25th.)
E. B. BARLING, 30, Oredenhill Street, Mitcham Lane, Streatham, S.W. (No. 121794—July 25th.)
T. D. BROOKS, 22, Cockspur Street, S.W. (No. 99114—July 25th.)
EBENEZER T. IVINS, 7, Durham Road, Newport, Mon. (No. 3556—July 25th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of Aug. 1:—

2173; 2260; 5129; 6696; 7357; 9699; 10928; 12825; 19202; 22403; 24659; 25850; 28267; 32993; 33875; 39450; 39689; 40639; 40963; 41611; 46216; 57813; 61441; 68399; 70048; 74837; 75287; 76709; 78990; 79065; 81849; 83715; 89576; 91841; 95387; 98015; 106657; 106893; 108909; 110324; 118783; 119541; 126146; 129424; 132815; 138829; 140365; 142354; 144404; 144774.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, REGISTERED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 10th (PUBLISHED OCTOBER 8th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For stating that an examination "cannot be an experience of which EVEN THE LEAST TIMID *need be afraid,"*
J.C.K., IN THE *DAILY MAIL*,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that "apart from his love of the sport, the KING *follows the Turf because he is astute enough to see that it is a pursuit which interests a great number of his* FELLOW-SUBJECTS,"
LONDON OPINION
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "non-stop excursion to Cleethorpes (stops at Leicester eight minutes),"
THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For informing its readers that "Evolution is now fifty years old,"
THE *STAR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying he had "a wife and several children on the point of being confined,"
A PRISONER NAMED QUINN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "he cautioned Calcutt when giving gold in future not to give it in bank-notes,"
E. J. STAMMERS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that a horse left Newmarket on a White Star liner,
THE *SPORTSMAN*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Alnwick "is one of the most beautiful places in Scotland,"
THE *GLOBE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying "that in order that this line of treatment (i.e., an operation) should be carried out, it is necessary that the patient should survive the illness,"
MR. PYE-SMITH (in the *Daily Express*)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving as an excuse for assaulting a station-master at Newport the fact that he "suffered from kidney trouble,"
A BLACK MAN NAMED LEVI AUGUSTUS SMITH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For alluding to Egham as "this well-known riverside resort,"
THE *EGHAM AND STAINES NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising cheeselets, "sent direct from customer to maker on receipt of P.O. 6s. 6d.,"
THE PARWICH CREAMERY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a communicative submarine, who was apparently speaking with some authority, informed our representative that it had leaked out that on Wednesday a concentrated attack will be made on the fleet of war vessels,"
THE *DUNDEE COURIER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "in the ordinary course there would be in six months some seven to eight thousand sixpenny postal orders sold. In the last six months there had been purchased 11,400,000, *or fourteen times as many,"*
THE *MORNING LEADER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For reporting that "*6,000 *excursionists changed their 25-franc pieces into English coinage,"*
LLOYD'S WEEKLY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

A GERMAN SPY CLUB IN LONDON.

"THE DEUTSCH OFFIZEN KLUB."

Before a considerable number of sturdy little saffron-coloured persons induced Ivan Ivanrich and his fellow Saladins to remove themselves from Mukden with a precipitancy that savoured more of a flight than of an exodus, there were many Muscovite military *mouchards* in Northern India. Also the monotony of garrison existence in the Punjab was periodically broken by Russian scares. Nowadays there are but few secret agents of the Colossus of the North prowling about on the frontier, and scares are distinctly "off." The change has come about from that increase of knowledge which leads men to believe that Russia is not as big as she is painted.

The swing of the political pendulum has changed the centre of unfriendly foreign interest from Lahore to London. And fate—as exemplified by the orders of the Great General Staff of Berlin—has substituted Teutonic officers for the Russo-Asiatic native non-coms. who paraded the land of the Five Rivers as harmless horse copers and camel dealers. It will be readily believed that the arrogant, albeit incredibly painstaking, people from the Kaiser's dominions go a long way ahead of the servants of the Tsar in the matter of the gentle art of playing the spy. That the German Army Intelligence Department has of late years been just as strictly attending to business in these Isles as during the sixties in France is at last coming to be dimly suspected by the British householder, who read the other day in these columns of the proceedings of a triumvirate of German officers in the neighbourhood of Epping Forest. But what will come perhaps as a surprise to our readers is that there are other German officers left behind here, and that they regard their residence as being associated with such elements of permanence as to warrant the establishment of a service Club in Piccadilly, the members of which are limited to officers of the Emperor William's Army.

We have obtained a knowledge of the dual Rules that govern this hostile headquarters in our midst. For be it known that German foresight has provided for all unpleasant contingencies, and thus the original founders of this remarkable institution, when they were drawing up the Rules of the Club, thought it wiser to formulate and duly pass and carry a double set of regulations. One code appears in print for the casual inspection of distinguished "foreign" guests—to wit, English general and other officers—who every now and then are entertained with triumphs of Teutonic cuisine and the liquid products of Bavaria's capital. Another set of Rules, which is not meant for "foreign" consumption and which is not left over night in the Club rooms—for they comprise only two—is the real thing. The other is mere bunkum. Rule 1 of the secret regulations of a Club of Officers of the Army of a potential enemy states that the Club has been organised among German officers in London "for the purposes of mutual assistance and research." Here at once the whole situation stands revealed. Now we have acquired at one time or another a crumb or two of information as to the wire-working of the Great General Staff. We must admit that not seldom our sense of humour has been tickled by the deliciously cynical cut which the German military tailor gives to the sheep's clothing wherewith he invests the Intelligence Department wolf. Thus the "Bureau for the correction of military statistics" means nothing more nor less than an office from which are sent forth officers charged with the collection of military statistics—the said correction being the process of obtaining while in disguise the secrets of another country's defence. What are they searching for? The early worm or the means of "correcting" certain unfortunate clerical errors that have by the merest chance crept into their military statistics? The latter is the more likely, as "members" of the Club are "limited to combatant officers of the (German) Army—territorial or on the retired list."

Another Rule provides for the promotion of military knowledge and study by "preparation of papers on military subjects." "Preparation of papers on military subjects!" There can hardly be much doubt about what *that* means. There may be some innocent people who conjure up a vision of spectacled, rotund, middle-aged, ex-officers of the Territorial battalions of the German Army in London drawing together at eventide to read to each other prize essays on "The events of the second day at Gravelotte." We cannot indulge in such a dream.

When British Militia or Volunteer officers travel on the Continent some of the sharper members of these branches of our auxiliary forces contrive to pick up, or more often think they have picked up, scraps of useful military information; and on their return home they tell things to their local members of Parliament, or even, if they are very zealous warriors, go to the War Office with their tales. Are they thanked? No; more often a polite snub is the result, and if what they had to impart turns out to be true, they are told "Oh, we knew all that long ago." The British Auxiliary Force officer is under no obligation to keep his eyes and ears open when on the Continent. Not so the German Militia officer. When after doing his military service in the ranks he is gazetted to a commission in the "Reserve," he is made aware that one of the conditions of his holding that commission is that when abroad he must ever be prepared to obtain information that may be of value to the General Staff. This use of reserve officers residing abroad is systematised in the most thorough-going German fashion. Thus every Territorial officer of the Kaiser's Army who purposes seeking civil employment in Great Britain, places himself in communication before leaving Germany with the English section of the "Military Statistics Department." When he has finally settled down here he is assigned one of the numerous "spheres" in which these islands of ours are plotted out by our careful Teutonic cousins. Every month, year after year, this commercial traveller, or other respectable business man, is expected to deliver either to a travelling secret agent of the General Staff, or, in certain special instances, to brother officers at the Deutsch Offizen Klub, his report. This report does not deal as might be supposed with sensational discoveries of new inventions of war materials or the plans of our fortresses. No, these documents concern themselves with such prosaic matters as housing accommodation, the amount of provisions, forage, and fuel in a given radius, and details as to any changes in water or lighting supply. Nothing is too small to be considered valueless in compiling a monthly return at Berlin of the exact condition of this country from the invaders' point of view—the object of all this mass of petty detail being that the staff can know with absolute certainty where to put their hands upon "requisitions." The German residents over here are so accustomed to keeping their eyes and ears open in the capacity we have indicated that they get to look upon this ever constant spying upon their English fellow-employers and employees as all being so much "in the day's work." It is very improbable that we shall ever live to see in our time a triumphant march of a German legion upon London. It is just possible that if our Navy suffers an overwhelming disaster, a German host may land some day or another; but the German Government realise exactly how very slight their chances of accomplishing an invasion are. Yet on that off-chance it maintains this minute system of espionage because it leaves nothing to chance. And the head of this devil-fish, whose tentacles stretch out even to the far away Shetlands, is the Deutsch Offizen Klub, that since the nineties has been established at Piccadilly Circus, and on the committee of which sits three officers of the Reserve, all of field rank, and four officers of the retired list, two of whom have served in high office on the Great General Staff.

THE "SPIRIT PHOTO" FAKE.

ARCHDEACON COLLEY STILL SILENT.

Up to the time of going to press, Archdeacon Colley has not named the day and place to demonstrate that he is neither a fraud nor a fool in regard to his alleged "Spirit" photos—and to secure £1,000 for the King's Hospital Fund. Meanwhile, we continue to receive numerous letters on the subject.

VIEWS OF OUR READERS.

P. S. (London) thinks we have made a "very serious error in publishing such a challenge." He is satisfied, as one who has studied these things, that we "do not understand the conditions necessary to obtain spirit photographs," which would be prevented from materialising by "the condition of our mind." He hopes Archdeacon Colley will not accept our challenge. Poor P. S.! But what does he say to the fact that we *did* sit for spirit photography, and got what the photographer—the old rascal!—declared to be a wonderful result?

H. J. (Southport) is glad we have issued the challenge. He tells us that the Archdeacon has been visiting Southport, and charges 6d. a head admission to his exhibition of "spirit photos," and that when challenged on certain technical points he admitted that he "did not know much about photography." H. J. would like to know how the Archdeacon managed to focus the "materialised form" on his sensitised plate, and whether he was photographing another subject when the "spirits" appeared. So should we.

"UNCLE TIM" (Exeter) warns us against the risk of old plates being used, or even plates which have been packed with white paper on top of the boxes. A friend of his recently sold some films to a clergyman's son, who took a photo of a wedding party, and on developing it found an animal's head on it—no doubt, he adds, an animal's spirit!

G. C. H. (Bromley) thinks that instead of being either a "fraud or a fool," a blend of both, amounting to madness, would more correctly describe the state of Archdeacon Colley's mind.

A. B. (London) sends us a cutting from *M.A.P.*, two years ago, telling a wonderful story of how each time a certain young lady sat for her photo the spirit form of her *fiance*, holding a dagger in his uplifted hand, appeared behind her. Of course the engagement was broken off! The story is stated to have been "vouched for by a well-known London photographer," but *M.A.P.*, being a society journal, doesn't mention any names! A. B. hopes that we will extend our challenge to others. One at a time.

"A DOCTOR" (Herne Hill) sends us a most learned letter about the "unsuspected causation" of developed images. Twenty-five years ago, he "discovered the radiancy of our *perceived* and *conceived* form images, and that such could be received by sensitive people shutting their eyes." But this only proves the "radiancy of ideas of form, and would not prove spirit existence at all." So that's all right. *We're* after the spirits. The learned doctor goes on to talk about "the language, flashed concepts, of gregarian animals, insects, &c."; and he also tells us that some day blind people are to recover their sight by "the use of Crookes' Tubes." And he concludes by hoping that this knowledge may save us our thousand pounds. But we shall still risk it.

G. A. (Hull) says there is no such thing as a finite spirit. "Spirit signifies God, and is immortal. Is it possible to portray immortality? If so, let us have a photograph of Heaven." An excellent idea. What says the Archdeacon? C. A. concludes with a *tu quoque* for the Archdeacon by referring him to Proverbs xxx. 6.

A. F. G. (High Holborn) thinks that Mr. Taylor did not recant before his death "and confessed that he had been badly duped," as stated in the recent article on the "Truth about Spirit Photographs." We leave the author of the article to settle the point with A. F. G.

"A LOVER OF TRUTH" (Dalston) also repudiates the suggestion that the late Mr. Traill Taylor recanted before his death and confessed that he had been badly duped in regard to "Spirit" photography. What a pity Mr. Taylor's spirit cannot be induced to appear on one of the Archdeacon's plates. That would settle the matter once and for all.

T. C. D. (Wood Green) also denies the recantment of Mr. Taylor, whom he knew personally, and with the circumstances of whose death he is acquainted.

F. W. C. (London) asks us to stand to our ground, and adds "the veriest photographic tyro knows that what the Archdeacon suggests is all 'bally humbug.'"

R. H. (Hove) says it will be quite possible to produce a so-called "spirit photograph" under the conditions we have imposed, as "a pinhole will produce an image on the plate as well as a lens, although not as well defined. "If," continues R. H., "a carefully adjusted pinhole were made in the front of the camera and the shutter of the dark slide withdrawn for a few seconds previous to making the real exposure, a secondary image would be formed which might be puzzling to explain." R. H. may rest assured that there shall be no pinholes in the Archdeacon's camera.

J. S. (Leeds) points out that in the Archdeacon's "Spirit" photo, his mother appears wearing a head-dress, also a bodice ornamented with a brooch, and wants to know whether these sort of things also have spirits.

R. K. (Shrewsbury) takes a somewhat similar view.

THE BRAZILIAN "DREADNOUGHTS."

With reference to our article on the Brazilian warships now building, we have received the following:—

I am inclined to regard the ultimate destination of these ships with rather more concern than your correspondent suggests.

In the first place, their design is not so radically opposed to coming British types as would appear. The plans for the ships were fully vised and approved of at Whitehall before they were put in hand, and it is not generally known that their dimensions are identical with our *St. Vincents*. They are structurally just as strong, as the scantlings have not been cut fine as in the case of the *Swiftsures*. Their single mast will not be conducive to satisfactory range-control, but as the new deck type of range-finder will probably be perfected by the time they are complete, this will not be the handicap it otherwise would be. No doubt the second and third turrets in the centre-line fire ahead and astern respectively over the fore and aftermost pairs of guns may appear opposed to the distribution of gunfire in our present *Dreadnoughts*, but I learn on the best authority that the next batch of battleships will have their after pairs of guns arranged as in the Brazilian ships. It therefore looks as if very full provision was made in the design with a view towards their ultimate purchase by the Admiralty. Incidentally there will be *three* ships—the *Minas Eraes*, *Sao Paulo*, and *Rio de Janeiro*—which will be laid down at Elswick, when the first-named is launched next month.

Their acquisition by Germany is very unlikely, although the 12-inch gun *will* be mounted in the newest '08 class of ships, which your correspondent seems to doubt. Japan and America are, of course, right out of the question.

As for Brazil's intentions to become "Boss Republic" in South America, she could manage that without spending something like £7,000,000 in warships, as the full bill for the battleships, scouts and destroyers now building in this country will mount up to. Her present fleet could make a good show against either Chili or Argentina, and the *Royal Quido* would be more than a match for the *Capitan Prato*, *O'Higgins*, and others, whose speed is now very greatly reduced. Three *Dreadnoughts* to tackle such ships is like the proverbial steam-hammer and the nut, whilst if any quarrel with the U.S.A. arose, the *Delawares* would soon settle *their* hash.

The most probable ending of the question seems to be that both Argentina and Chili will resolve on ambitious programmes of similar ships. Brazil will approach them with a view towards a settlement such as was made when Japan took over the two *Morenos* from Argentina and we bought the *Swiftsures* from Chili. None at all is as good as six of one and half-a-dozen of the other, while the money could be kept in the country. Then the *Minas Eraes* and her sisters will come into the market, and we shall perforce have to take them over.

If their construction is merely a speculation, the strongest measures should be taken to discountenance such a species of international blackmail.

OUR HOLIDAY GUIDE.

II.—BOURNEMOUTH.

By L. E. F.

It is difficult for a visitor, upon his first arrival, to believe that Bournemouth is a seaside place at all, so distant from its shore is the railway station, which the Waterloo authorities have perversely placed a long way inland. However, by making enquiry of intelligent natives and by a plentiful exercise of that bulldog tenacity of purpose for which we English are so justly renowned, he will eventually reach the shore of this favoured spot. If the tide (of which there are four a day) happens to be in, the traveller must content himself with the Promenade and take the shore for granted, and from that point observe the salient features of Bournemouth.

No Blatant Joys.

It is worthy of remark, in the first place, that Bournemouth is not infested with cheap trippers of the nose-bag variety, Channel swimmers, week-enders, and the like; the organisers of excursions do next to no business here, and Restall knows it not. There is nothing blatant or self-seeking about the place, and its attractions are not hurled at one's head—so much so, that the newcomer is under the necessity of seeking the pleasures of Bournemouth in their coy retreats.

The Bourne.

Take, for instance, the Bourne, at the mouth of which noble stream stands this delectable town. No vulgar, clamorous river this, annoying one with its unceasing and unnecessary turmoil. On the contrary, close enquiry reveals a tiny stream of water trickling placidly between its plaster walls, almost hidden by the trees of the Invalids' Walk, and by the toy flotilla, which rides upon its microscopic waves. In places, the Bourne is as much as four feet in breadth and, when in spate, it has been known to rise to a height of half that measurement. No doubt, in days gone by, when the valley of the Bourne was inhabited by petticoated smugglers, it was a bigger affair; at present it is uncommonly like a drain—without the smell.

The Invalids' Walk.

As all the world knows, Bournemouth is a prosperous town, which pleasant feature it derives mainly from the patronage of prosperous invalids; for there is something about the air of Bournemouth that microbes shrink from and bacilli hate. For these afflicted visitors the Invalids' Walk has been constructed, and throughout the year they are to be found there in great numbers. It must not be supposed, though, that Bournemouth is entirely inhabited by invalids, for one may take a walk without the aid of a crutch, and breathe without the aid of a respirator, and yet attract no undue notice. Many hardy visitors there are who eat three meals of the "square" or solid variety daily, and think it no shame to take a relish with their tea. The Walk, in fact, is not nearly so doleful as its name implies—which is a thing to be thankful for.

The Bournemouth Ladies.

The ladies of Bournemouth—bless them!—must be mentioned, for their unremitting industry elicits one's admiring attention. They are always doing something, and that something is knitting. On the beach (tide permitting, see above) they are to be seen in great numbers, and here they sit and knit from early morn until eve, provided it be not unduly dewy. At certain intervals, when nature will no longer be denied, they cease their labours, and retire to seek refreshment for the inner woman, but between whiles they work incessantly. Any bee would blush to see them. While Dan Godfrey and his merry men fill the air with the sounds of harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, they knit; and between the strains of melody one hears the click of the needle as these devoted women purl three and cast one, as though for a wager.

No Poor.

As everybody at Bournemouth is well-to-do, it follows that there are no poor—a fact which the visitor cannot fail to note. Even at Boscombe, which is the East end of Bournemouth, the ragamuffin is unknown. "If you've got any troubles you must have brought 'em with you," says the Bournemouth landlady, and the travelled reader will appreciate the difference between this and the somewhat similar formula in vogue among the landladies of other and less favoured towns. Bournemouth is more than merely prosperous, however; it is respectable, and may be described as a very dragon of civic virtue. Its inhabitants play golf in a mild sort of fashion, and knit furiously, for six days in the week—a course of life which renders the policeman's lot, for once, a happy one. Life here, like the climate, is mild; people come to Bournemouth for rest, and Bournemouth sees that they get it.

Wild Delights.

Over and above the diversions already referred to, the chief amusement is the steamboat trip to Swanage (and back), upon which sundry bold spirits embark at different times throughout the day. On the way, they pass the boats conveying Swanage visitors to Bournemouth (and back). Here, however, the connection ceases, for the Bournemouth resident returns to the Winter Garden and the strenuous life, and the person from Swanage resumes his ordinary existence—feeling better, no doubt, for the experience. They never meet again.

It is possible, if you are making a prolonged stay, to journey on a tram as far as Poole, but for this enterprise an almost unlimited amount of leisure is necessary, and only the youthful can hope to accomplish it.

The Rates—and the Fares.

When all is said, perhaps it is the rates of Bournemouth which are its most remarkable feature; for they are lower than those of any other seaside town in England; to balance this, the cabmen charge the highest fares—such are the complexities of life. The Bournemouth cabman would appear to be a sturdy offshoot of his New York colleague; the trams, however, are always to be had—six days a week, that is—and Bath chairs are on hire at a reasonable figure. One might, of course, ride a bicycle, but this is indeed a desperate course to pursue, as the streets are appallingly steep and they all terminate at the Grand Square (triangular in shape) where a lethargic tramcar arrests the athlete's career and administers the *coup de grace*.

Sabbatarianism.

Sabbatarianism—as the term is now generally understood—has obtained a strong foothold in Bournemouth. On Sunday the trams take a siesta, and the traveller's only alternative is a fly, upon the cushions of which he may snatch a fearful joy. The visitor, too, who desires to assuage the torments of thirst with a 'drink"—using this word, also, in its modern sense—will find that his bona-fides is out of place, and, indeed, is frowned upon; for duly licensed houses are few and far between. One may, however, indulge in stone ginger to an unlimited extent while the votaries of lemon kola will find their taste (*sic*) amply catered for.

No Niggers.

Holiday-makers who seek for lively times upon the beach should not go to Bournemouth to gratify their passion, for the Corporation has set its Corporate face against all such varieties of entertainment as are supplied by coloured minstrels, gramophones, Pierrots, and the like. The Corporation will not have them. Instead, there are the Dominoes—an entertaining firm of artistes who give shows upon the front. These favoured beings enjoy a monopoly which has now been in existence for sixteen years. Age does not wither nor custom stale their infinite variety show, and one is tempted to say of them what Tennyson said of the Brook—a quotation which will at once occur to all erudite readers. Some of the Dominoes' jokes are handed down from father to son at Bournemouth, and become heirlooms. Thus it is that the grosser forms of levity, such as one sees at—well, never mind—are excluded from the chaste precincts of the shore; shooting galleries, like Israelites in Aberdeen, are non-existent, and the cocoa-nut shy proprietors fold their tents and steal silently away. To Swanage, perhaps.

In spite of its sobermindedness, however, Bournemouth is a place of many attractions, and people who go there for a week stay for a month—and so on until they become life members. To add to the already existing inducements the Corporation, it is rumoured, intends to lay out the ground in front of the West Pier as a Casino, and then, *nous verrons!* As things are at present, it may truly be said that Bournemouth caters for a certain class of visitor and gets him, in large and increasing numbers.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"On Nothing and Kindred Subjects." By H. Belloc. (London: Methuen. 1908. Price 5s.)

Lord Iddesleigh once made a speech on the appropriate subject of nothing, and everybody declared that it was the best speech he had ever made. This is by no means the best book Mr. Belloc has written, for he is a man of ideas. However, he possesses such a great stock of volubility that he can write quite pleasantly about anything or nothing. I quite agree with him that Lords ought to be a kindred subject to nothing, but surely it is rather bold to deal with the national debt under this heading. I confess I do not understand why he should have troubled to collect such supererogatory lucubrations in book form. He can scarcely hope to make money over the volume, for there are not many people likely to be tempted to pay 5s. for nothing, even when it is presented to their notice by Mr. Belloc.

"The Green Room Book." By John Parker. (London: Sealey Clark. 1908. 6s. net.)

This is a guide to actors and actresses on the lines of "Who's Who," with the addition of a certain amount of information likely to be of interest to the dramatic profession. There are some photographs of various people with long noses, and an article on "The Uses of Dramatic Critics," containing some sharp criticisms of the scribes who praise every production of a successful manager and decry the efforts of every new-comer. There is also a novelty in pedigrees, wherein one gentleman is curtly described as "Hamburg Jew." Considering the enormous number of people who appear to take an interest in plays, I imagine this book will have a considerable sale.

"Mr. Tuckerman's Nieces." By Helen Dawes Brown. (London: Constable. 1908. Price 6s.)

This is an account of three Chicago nieces who went to live with a prim bachelor uncle in New England. Some mild amusement is provided from time to time, but, as in most American novels, there is little or no incident.

"Lethbridge of the Moor." By Maurice Drake. (London: Laurie. 1908. Price 6s.)

None of the characters in this book are at all attractive or natural, but from time to time we come upon convincing passages which indicate a possibility of success in future works. An encounter with some sharpers, and a visit in their company to a race meeting are, for instance, quite well told. But the execution of the plot would have been far more artistic if the hero had not been so weak and foolish. We are obviously intended to sympathise with him in his difficulties, but as it is, we feel he deserved nearly all he got. And we resent the final prospect of his living and loving happily ever after.

"The Thief On the Cross." By Mrs. Harold Gorst. (London: Eveleigh Nash. 1908. Price 6s.)

The character of the heroine is well drawn, and the story is not without interest; but it is rendered very difficult to read by the minute elaboration of the Cockney language and the painful re-arrangement of h's. I cannot understand why authors give themselves so much unnecessary trouble to accomplish an offensive object. I venture to suggest that Mrs. Gorst should translate her next edition into English, in which case she might hope to secure the popularity she deserves.

"The House at the Corner." (London: Laurie. 1908. Price 6s.)

This is a feeble story, but one goes on reading it in the expectation of sensational developments. A lady with a mad daughter is engaged to a colonel who has very strong views about heredity. She is accordingly very anxious that he should know nothing about the affliction, though it came from her first husband's side. The House at the Corner is the asylum where the girl is shut up. When she is dying, the doctor introduces another girl who is conveniently like her, and deceives the mother in order that he may continue to receive £1,000 a year. In the end, of course, everything is discovered, and the colonel waives his objections. None of the characters are very convincing, and this is the kind of information which is used to fill up:

> When the King and Queen take up their abode in the capital of His Majesty's Empire, the rest of the great world of Society very quickly follows.

Hennessy please

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S4

"CANADIAN EMIGRANTS, BEWARE!"

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Last week we published the reply of Mr. J. Obed Smith, on behalf of the Canadian Government, to the article that appeared in our issue of August 15th, headed "Canadian Emigrants, Beware! A Timely Warning from a Canadian Reader." Mr. Smith, who is the Assistant Superintendent of Emigration of the Dominion in this country, assures us, and, through us, the public concerned, that "at no time is Canada unable to find work for willing and able persons on her farms at fair wages, besides board and lodging." Those who "seek anything else" had better, says Mr. Smith, remain at home.

It is a difficult question, about which much may be said on both sides. Here is a letter—or part of it—from a dissatisfied English immigrant:—

> Just a few lines to let you know that I have arrived out here and settled down at last, but I don't know for how long, as things are in such a rotten condition. The first day I got in Toronto I got a job at St. John's Convent, Major Street, but when they gave me the job I did not think they would keep me long. More they didn't. The first day they gave me a job at pulling down dead creepers from the front of the building. When I had finished I was covered from head to foot with millions of insects. Second day, they gave me a job of cleaning windows, which one of the women told me had not been cleaned for over twelve months. On the third day, I had a job of waxing floors; then they gave me a rest for five days; then, when I went back after a little while they gave me the sack. I don't know whether they thought I should go nosing around the nuns' quarters, but I am almost sure it was on account of not being a Roman Catholic. I think I have walked all over Toronto, but cannot get a job for love nor money. I stayed in Montreal two days, but could not get any work there, as nearly everyone is out on strike there. All the work I have done since working at the Convent is one day on a gentleman's estate, cutting down a big pine tree that had been struck with lightning, and he has promised to give me something else to do, but goodness only knows when that will be. If fellows like me, with two years' experience in Canada cannot get a job, what chance do fresh arrivals stand? And they are coming into Toronto in hundreds every week. There are thousands walking about the streets of the cities of Canada starving, and all the people who are coming out here now are only coming to starve, for they cannot get a job on a farm, let alone in a city. Things in general throughout Canada and the United States are in a worse condition than they are in England.
>
> I was never so much surprised as when I landed and found things in such a bad condition, and there does not seem much chance of them looking any brighter until next spring. There are hundreds going back to England every week. Goodness only knows how the people will get on this next winter. It will be shocking.

The other side is put—and put very ably—in the following communication we have received from another correspondent:—

> In the issue of your paper dated August 15th, under the heading "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," your paragraph in regard to Canada has matured a resolution I have had to answer the article of this type that is constantly appearing in English papers generally. Let me first tell you what I am, which will perhaps give a little weight to what I write. I am Canadian born, and have lived part of my life in the United States. For the past fifteen months I have been a resident of England, during which time I have considerably changed my ideas in regard to Englishmen and things English generally. Before coming to England my ideas of Englishmen were, of course, formed on the specimens I had seen in the land of my birth. Your correspondent who mentions Canada as "this white-washed country," is a type that has been on the increase over there during the last few years, a fact which is largely owing to the class of emigrant that has been foisted upon the country, and that is to blame for the dislike he complains of. His quotation that "Englishmen as a class are too fair and above-board for the people born in this colony," is a base untruth. The standard of honour is quite as good in that energetic country as can be found anywhere on the face of the earth. The failure of these "unfits" to harmonize methods that have made them unable to compete with their fellow-workmen in their homeland, with their new surroundings, causes them to talk of injustice that does not exist. I do not argue that the English immigrant is popular, for generally speaking, he is not, owing to causes entirely brought about by himself. He comes to this new country, generally with an idea of it gained from sources that are on the footing of penny dreadfuls. The idea that it is necessary to work to live seems far from his conception of what he was coming to. When he has found that it is something necessary to existence, he condescends to honour some Canadian employer with his services. His favourite topic is "the comforts he had at home, and how they know how to do things back there," accompanied with numberless grievances against his new conditions, that naturally irritate the Canadian, who certainly has faith in his own capabilities, which have been proved in the rapid strides the country is making. This style of immigrant belongs to the school that is continually voicing his petty grievances in the daily papers, generally savouring of a very personal flavour that is like a rasp to the soul of the born Canadians. For these "grouchers" the real Englishman who emigrates has to suffer. The people's opinions are formed by the majority of cases, and, consequently, the sane and true Englishman too often receives the treatment that is complained of. I will make no comment upon the cuttings from the *Montreal Star*, beyond, perhaps, that they are items published for the correction of the evils mentioned, and if I were so inclined might with little trouble find items in English papers dealing with like grievances that are as worthy of notice. Finally, I might add, if immigrants to Canada of your correspondent's class were to try and forget the immense importance they attach to their individual personalities, and make some endeavour to harmonize with conditions that have by experience been found to be best for the country's progress, there might be good cause to say that there are places outside of England good enough for Englishmen.
>
> I have never before written to any paper either in comment or as a reply to anything published, it being the Canadian idea rather to correct a trouble than look on and complain.

An excellent "idea," too, to be commended to every emigrant.

(To be continued.)

A "MESSING" COMPLAINT.

We direct the attention of the War Office to the following letter:—

Sir,—I shall be very much obliged if you could give me some information regarding the messing in camp of the Territorial Engineers at Bexhill-on-Sea. Under the new scheme, the men were to have 1s. per day allowed them for extra messing, but they did not receive it. I detail here the messing we received per day, which was as follows:—Breakfast: Coffee and bread and butter. Dinner: Meat and Potatoes. Tea: Tea and bread and butter.

The above is similar to 1907 camp, and I shall be very pleased if through your interesting paper you could tell me what became of the extra 1s. allowed per man's messing per day.—Yours respectfully,

A Dissatisfied Terrior.

AN *IN*HUMAN DOCUMENT—IF TRUE.

The following letter tells a strange story. We shall be glad to hear the other side of the case:—

Sir,—A friend of mine, Mr. W. Viney, 59, St. Martin's Avenue, East Ham, was, on August 7th last, in the vicinity of one of the lakes on Wanstead Flats. Hearing cries from the opposite side to which he was standing, he ran round to ascertain the cause. He was informed by the bystanders that a child had fallen in. Without waiting to divest himself of any clothing, he plunged in, and brought the child out safely. On regaining the shore he was told that a baby strapped in a mail-cart was somewhere in the bottom of the lake. He plunged in again, recovered the child and mail-cart, and had the satisfaction of restoring the child to consciousness by artificial respiration.

It appears that the elder child, aged 5 years, was in charge of the mail-cart, and baby, aged 18 months; also that the mail-cart ran into the lake, and with it the child in charge, who was unable to stop its course.

My friend called upon the children's parents at Leytonstone Road, to obtain, if possible, some compensation for the damage done to a brand-new suit which he was wearing when he rescued the children; but he was informed by the parents that they could do nothing for him. This brings my friend's total of lives saved up to four, and I feel sure that you will agree with me when I say that he should receive some recognition for his courageous acts.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER? See Page 221.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

By CHARLES N. L. SHAW.

Count Philippe de Bois was a cruel man—he certainly was, and when the Count was crossed in anything of the nature of love or war, somebody or something had to suffer. If one could judge by appearances, there was trouble in store for some person or thing on this fine June morning, of the year of grace 1520. To think that a mere peasant girl should have the temerity to reject the advances of a nobleman of France; and, although in a priest-ridden world those advances might not be considered strictly honourable, yet why did the bon Dieu send beautiful women into the world, if their lives and persons were not to be at the disposition of the great ones of the earth? The Count had been blessed, or cursed, by heaven with a wife, it is true, but what of that?

It seemed incredible that a Norman peasant girl, his wife's maid-in-waiting, should prove intractable, even though she were accomplished, beautiful and good. To add insult to injury, it was rumoured that his young kinsman, François de la Fontaine, was in love with her, and had secretly offered marriage. But they should both learn that when le Comte de Bois had set his heart upon a *bonne bouche*, he was not the man to have his desires thwarted.

"Jeanette," he called.

She turned nervously towards him, as, striding to her, he whispered something rapidly in her ear, his face flushed with a brutal passion.

The girl crimsoned with anger and disgust; then her face grew white as the roses near by. Her form straightened as she said: "Sir, I will kill myself first; but my father's patron, the Duc de Bretagne, shall hear of your insults to a defenceless girl, and you will learn that chivalry is not yet dead in France."

The Count, maddened, threw his arms about her, when a shadow flashed on the grass, and the masterful Count Philippe found himself exchanging embraces with Mother Earth. Over him towered François de la Fontaine.

"I fear M. le Comte's memory has played him a trick," he said pleasantly. "Mdlle. Jeanette is, unfortunately, or fortunately, not the Countess."

De Bois scrambled to his feet.

"You dog!" he hissed, "you shall expiate this day's work by the torture. Holà!" he cried. Two or three men-at-arms came running up. "Arrest that man," pointing to François, "and place him in the Fosse des Ours."

Jeanette, her face drawn with fear, threw herself on her knees to intercede for the life of François, but De Bois intended to justify his nickname of Philippe le Diable.

The great well into which François had been thrown was originally intended for a bear pit, but the Count had turned it to more sinister uses. The pit was built into the side of a steep hill, and, as the tunnel giving access to the bottom of the pit from the outside of the hill had been blocked with masonry, the only means of entrance was from the top. The circular walls being constructed of smooth stone, there was no possible method of escape without help from above.

Now, the Count Philippe, being an ingenious individual, had devised various soul-breaking tortures for the punishment of his enemies and the justification of his own reputation. He determined to honour De la Fontaine with a peculiarly diabolical torture, invented expressly for the occasion.

De Bois had a curious taste in pets, which took the form of mongrel ferrets, of which he kept some hundreds. These brutes were the progeny of male polecats, taken wild in the woods, and female ferrets. Although these hybrids possessed the distinguishing characteristics of the ferret tribe in the form of pink eyes of Burma ruby colour, and rattish heads, they also had the claws and long hair of the cat family, with the abominable stench of the polecat. Their thirst for blood was insatiable, and, after a gorge upon some live animal, from which they would extract every drop of fluid, they would lie torpid for days, with bodies hot and distended from their horrid food. When hungry, their normally sluggish disposition quickened into one of bloodthirsty ferocity, and the terror excited by them in small animals changed in human beings to a feeling of disgust. They are the snakes of the world of quadrupeds, having all the reptilian traits of their cold-blooded counterparts.

The Count proceeded to execute his plan. It was one of devilish ingenuity, for he had carefully weighed the chances of matching the snakish little beasts against François. He well knew the mental and physical nausea with which De la Fontaine would become possessed in the day of trial, so he thoughtfully commenced operations by starving him on a meagre allowance of black bread and water for ten days, which, leaving his mind unnaturally clear and receptive, quickly reduced his strength to that of a child.

On the tenth day after the garden episode, the Count ordered the cages of ferrets to be brought to the edge of the pit. The soldiers then descended by a rope and approached François, whose eyes were dilated with a fear he vainly strove to suppress. Binding his right arm firmly behind the back, they ascended to the surface.

Approaching the edge, the Count said smilingly, "My dear kinsman, this time to-morrow your soul will, with the blessing of heaven, be with the Saints in Paradise, as it is my intention to while away a few hours with a little sport, in which you will take a prominent part. As I shall be somewhat interested in testing the endurance for which you are famous, it is my fancy to release batches of ferrets into the pit by twenties, and, as they are maddened by starving, I fear that unless the devil looks well after his own, we shall only find the bloodless corpse of François de la Fontaine in the morning."

As the shadows of night fell, the doomed man in the pit looked up at the stars which were beginning to peep. It seemed hard to die in the first flush of youth, with all the possibilities of love and life unfolding before him. A nightingale near by burst into a flood of melody, and as he thought of his beautiful sweetheart, who would be left alone and defenceless, a sob would come to his throat. The noxious scent of the little brutes above came to his nostrils and sickened him. In anticipation he could almost feel their fangs at his throat, and the blood died away from his heart in apprehension.

The Count, secure of his prisoner, had left him alone, with a warder above, but, when darkness had shrouded the landscape, he returned to the Fosse des Ours and ordered the edge to be illuminated with a ring of torches. When this had been accomplished, the first batch of ferrets was lowered into the pit and loosed. The glare of the little pink eyes in the fitful light of the torches, as the cage descended, spoke of horrid expectation. The man commended his soul to God, and awaited his end with the courage of despair.

As the little brutes scuttled out with the snake-like motion of the head peculiar to their species, the fœtid smell became overpowering, acting as a drug to stupefy him. Scenting their prey in a moment, they ran towards François like so many white rats. Meeting the first beast with his foot, De la Fontaine scattered its brains on the pit wall. But the others came on. Then commenced a life and death struggle on the floor of the pit, the horrid silence of the combatants intensifying the terror of the battle. Cage after cage was lowered whilst the animals ran up the man's clothing for his throat, which he tried to protect with his free hand, hurling the brutes from him with desperate energy. Streaming with perspiration, and with the gleam of a lost soul in his eyes, the picture would seem to have been taken from Dante's Inferno. To add to his misery, two men-at-arms held his sweetheart over the pit, so that she became an involuntary witness to the tragedy, until a merciful faintness shut the sight from her eyes.

The dying man felt that his strength had reached its limit, as, bleeding from a dozen wounds in the neck and throat, the stream of ferrets was launched inexorably into the pit, when, to his dull surprise, a respite came. The Count's voice was heard:

"François de la Fontaine, as I am a merciful and humane man, I will give you a chance for your life. Jeanette, whom you love, is here, and she shall have the opportunity of proving her devotion to you by sacrificing what she calls her honour in exchange for your life. Is it a bargain?"

The girl, her beautiful face disfigured with weeping, her raven locks lying dank against the white background of her face, came to the edge. A look of great tenderness softened the expression of her tortured lover as his eyes met hers.

"François," she whispered, "you hear what he says. I will give myself. It will not be for long."

"No, sweetheart," her lover said, "my life is as nothing against your honour."

Each strove with the unselfishness of a great love to convince the other, but the Count became impatient.

"My friend," said he, "I will give your dear sweetheart until daybreak to-morrow in which to decide. If she will carry out her part of the contract, I will swear by the Four Holy Streams, an oath which has never been broken by a De Bois, that you shall be free to go where you will. Good night and pleasant dreams."

The day broke at last over the eastern hills on that fair June morning, the melody of the birds blending with the scent of the roses. The solitary warder who watched the pit listened to the murmur of a human voice, as though a man were praying. The dawn crept down the sides of the Fosse des Ours, revealing François de la Fontaine lying amidst the dead horrors with a smile on his face and a red stain gradually spreading from his wrist.

Love's Sacrifice was complete.

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Chairman, Magisterial Bench, Acton.

DEAR SOLOMON,—I wonder whether you have ever read the dialogue between Mr. Justice Maule and the little girl who appeared in his Court as a witness. I am inclined to think not. "Do you know what an oath is, my child?" he asked. "Yes, sir," she replied; "I am obliged to tell the truth." "And if you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die, my child?" "Up to heaven, sir." "And what will become of you if you tell lies?" "I shall go to the naughty place, sir." "You are quite sure of that?" "Yes, sir, quite sure." "Swear her," said Maule; "she knows a lot more than I do."

Now, my good sir, let us pass from the comet to the candle, from Maule to yourself. What the *Mail* calls "an interesting contrast in the intelligence of children" was afforded in your worship's Court a few days ago, when two children were called on to give evidence. The first in the box was a boy. You asked him whether he knew what an oath meant, and he said "No." You asked him if he knew what speaking the truth meant, and he said "No." You asked him whether he knew what telling a lie meant, and he said "No." "You are too ignorant to give evidence," was your reply, "and I am sorry for your teachers." Next came a little girl. "Do you know what it is to tell the truth?" you asked. "Yes, sir," she replied, as pat as a Blood-and-Fire evangelist at a street corner; "if you tell the truth you go to heaven, and if you tell a lie you go to hell." "She was sworn," says the reporter.

Now, of the two children, my dear sir, I am not at all sure that a child who confesses his ignorance of both truth and falsehood is less to be relied on than one who knows so much about truth and falsehood that she knows more than anybody can possibly know. To put the test. Did that little girl tell the truth, even viewed in the light of any extant theology you care to name, when she said that if she told a lie she would go to hell? Where between the covers of the Christian Gospels is that presented as the truth? I have no personal knowledge whether it is the truth or not, but it seems much more probable that it is a lie, if only for the reason that it borders on the unthinkable. What is hell to the mind of this child? It is a place of eternal torment in fire and brimstone. What spoke to you, Sir, was her ignorance, not her knowledge, and I protest against this mumbo-jumbo about heaven and hell being stereotyped in our law courts as the one and only test of a child's qualification to give evidence. It is not religion, and it is not morals; it is not intelligence, and it is not sense; and it is high time the Legislature invented some new formula, or took the evidence for what it is worth in examination and cross-examination.

You do not even put upon a man to say what you put upon a child. How would it be if you and others in the seats of judgment refused to administer the oath to a man unless he told you that if he spoke the truth he would go to heaven, and if he didn't he would go to hell? You could not get a single clergyman to say it. A lie is a wrong thing; but in given circumstances it is a forgivable thing, even in the courts of human ethics. Probably no human soul ever went through the rough-and-tumble of this imperfect world of ours, George Washington excepted, without telling, acting, or suggesting lies by hundreds. If that little girl speaks the truth, where, pray, are we all going to?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. Thomas Waters, Butcher, Musselburgh, Scotland.

DEAR THOMAS,—You will recall that a countryman of yours once recommended honesty as the best policy, because he had tried "baith." You, I am sure, can recommend it as the best policy, because you have just received a gratuity of £7 10s. for returning £150 in gold to the Postmaster-General in circumstances which would have tried the stoutest heart. It appears that the cash, dispatched from Glasgow in June, went astray in the post. On visiting that tremendous city you went forth to buy a Panama hat, and ordered it to be sent on to your address. On the arrival of the package, you found a registered packet containing £150 in gold, which had been forced through the cardboard of the box during transit through the post. You at once handed the cash to the police, and the £7 10s. was your reward. Happily, the money did not belong to an old lady, or you might have received only a bun. I congratulate you on your good fortune, and, as a butcher, I trust you will never find the times out of joint.

JOHN BULL.

Zia Bey, Ex-Chief, Sultan of Turkey's Secret Police, London.

MY DEAR BEY,—I agree with you that London is a fine city, more especially for a man of your stamp. You found Constantinople too hot to hold you, and naturally came to London, where the climate is cooler. You are now called "Mr. Gray." What you would have been called if the new Constitutional Government of Turkey had got hold of you is not for me to say, but I feel sure it would not have been a nice name.

I understand that during your wild career you have been in charge of 400 secret agents, through whom you have ruined a large number of Ministers, officers, and civilians, by means of false reports, which you transmitted to Yildiz concerning them. In these circumstances, many of them felt that it would be a delightful entertainment to arrange a public funeral for you, and, knowing this your august master, the Sultan, considerately advised you to take a long holiday in Europe at once. Being in London, of course you will not return; at all events you won't if you would rather not have something strong put in your coffee. Be good and fear nothing.

JOHN BULL.

To the Library Association Conference, Brighton.

GENTLEMEN,—I see that you have been devoting some of your valuable time to debating whether public libraries should purchase novels, and that in your wisdom you have decided that they should not. Apparently the majority of you agree with the member who said: "The reading of novels just to amuse or kill time only debauches the public taste." Now, I hold no brief for the present-day novel, which is such sorry stuff that it is incomprehensible that anyone should want to read it. Nevertheless, the general public certainly *does* want to, and this brings me to a point you appear to have entirely overlooked, namely, that the man who pays the piper has a right to call the tune. Public libraries—even those built by millionaires, who might easily have used the money for a better purpose—are *supported* by rates, and the people who pay the rates are the people who want novels to read. They don't wish to be everlastingly "educated to higher things," but possess the very human desire to employ the scanty leisure they do get, as *they* please, not as *you* presume to dictate. Public libraries are not philanthropic institutions; and if you could impress this fact upon your own minds, and upon those of the attendants, it would be well. There might be less inattention and incivility shown by the latter to the borrower, who, after all, is not an object of charity, but their *employer*. One of your number was for "letting" the people have novels. The word speaks volumes—not fiction either. Don't you think this "grandmothering" cant is overdone? For heaven's sake, let people have a little more amusement, even if he doesn't "elevate their minds."

JOHN BULL.

To President Castro, Caracas.

SIR,—You seem to be having a very good time sending out bombastic dispatches and threatening everybody right and left. No doubt it makes you very popular at home and, after all, the risks of a foreign invasion are not very great. If the Dutch fleet attempted anything really serious, I suppose the Yankees would intervene to protect you, in obedience to the doctrines of Monroe. But take care that you are not cheeky once too often. JOHN BULL.

Herr Voigt of Koepenick, Budapest.

Very glad to hear you are out again and hope you are preparing another joke as good as the last. Why not come over here and wake up our War Office a bit? BULL.

George Karageorgevitch, Shepherd's Bush.

Wish you would choose some other country for your holiday. I don't feel safe in the neighbourhood of such a desperate character. Have you yet settled up that matter of the dishonoured draft at Ostend? BULL.

Mrs. Ronald MacAndrew.

Why all this secrecy and fuss? You surely do not expect to remain on the stage. Therefore you don't need the advertisement. And why do you call yourself a Gibson Girl? BULL.

Major Richardson.

If you knew it was too late for your bloodhounds to find a clue, why bother to send them? Your dogs of war were not much use either, were they? BULL.

A GOOD BRACE! BUT—

JOHN BULL: "Not a bad brace, but is that the whole bag?"

IN THE CITY.

THE DEFECTS OF THE LONDON TUBES.

There is much lamentation at present among the shareholders of the London Tubes, and endless speculations as to the reasons for such an extraordinarily poor return on the capital invested. On coming from the land of the successful "Tube"—Paris—many of the causes of the comparative failure of the London Tubes become strikingly evident. If directors and shareholders complain, the public also has no little cause for vexation, and naturally, this is shown in the usual way—abstention—with the result of poor dividends.

It would seem that when capitalists seized upon the idea of endowing London with Tubes, they were under the impression that any concession a few miles long, passing through busy districts, must necessarily become a small gold mine. Hence a struggle for concessions by rival companies for all the choice lengths, without any attempt at unity of plan, interworking, or interchange of traffic. To use a colloquialism, each Tube went "on its own." Among many others, this is almost certainly the most grievous cause of their quasi-failure. It has been very tardily recognised in part, and some valuable attempts at remedying this defect are being tried, but in the actual state of the mischief it demands the expenditure of new capital difficult to obtain, where already too much capital has been needlessly wasted—that is, at all points of intersection of the lines—to bring a really valuable remedy. At every point where lines cross each other, one piece of terribly valuable property need only have been bought with one set of lifts and men, and a joint preliminary study among the engineers would have made access from one set of platforms to another both quick and easy. These very essential points were either overlooked or considered negligible.

The necessity for lifts everywhere is a disagreeable cause of delay and discomfort, and they by no means obviate long tortuous passages and many steps.

In the construction of the London Tubes, Individualism, about which so much is being talked just now in England, has given a fine example of overstepping itself, not only to its own injury, but to the detriment of the public also. Had London adopted the Parisian plan of making its "Tubes" a municipal enterprise, as it is now doing so successfully with its tramways, a preliminary complete plan of linking up all the different suburbs would have provided for only one station and equipment at all points of intersection. Enormous sums might have been saved by obviating the necessity to buy private property for station entrances, the bulk of which could have been made to open on the streets, public squares, and crossings, the property of the municipality. Then, with capital raised at less cost, so many advantages were on the side of municipal enterprise that lower fares could certainly have been charged—a most powerful lever to success—while many duplications, and competition with existing lines, would have been avoided. London, no doubt, is handicapped by certain drawbacks to success from which Paris is free, the chief of which is the necessity for building the lines deep down, with the consequent expense of lifts, with their delay and discomfort. Even the habits and customs of the two cities tend to favour Paris, where Saturday is a full working day and Sunday the very best of the week. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that London has the record of a glorious opportunity badly missed, and has handicapped its citizens for a generation to come with an inefficient and unworthy system. The Tubes, the trains, the comfort, speed, and lighting are all splendidly done, but the two essentials to success—accessibility and cheapness—are badly lacking.

In Paris, it has been found possible to make one universal fare of 1½d. for any distance involving any number of changes; and as Paris covers an area almost equal to the four-mile radius from Charing Cross, it means the feasibility of travelling almost as far as anyone can go on the present London Tubes for 1½d., while workmen have the usual privileges of penny fares up to nine o'clock in the morning. A universal London twopenny fare was probably possible had the Tubes been initiated under one grand, comprehensive scheme with one booking and no ticket collecting.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.

We think we have now succeeded in inducing every respectable editor of the country to eliminate this swindling firm's advertisements from his columns. We have also reason to believe that the firm of advertising agents through whom the orders were given out have, upon their attention being called to the facts, decided to terminate business relations with the "wrong 'uns." We shall be glad if any of our readers seeing the advertisement will send us a copy of the paper containing it.

"A BRITISH CONCERN."

A correspondent interested in buying motor spirit directs our attention to the way in which those amongst us who are anxious to support British industries by, whenever possible, dealing with British organizations, may be deceived. He takes, for his illustration, the British Petroleum Company, Limited, of which he furnishes the following particulars:—

DIRECTORS.

Jules Aron, 21 rue Laffite, Paris.
Maurice Baer, 26, rue Laffite, Paris.
Frederick Lane, 26, Great St. Helens, E.C.
Thomas Rossiter Kean, 3, 4 and 5, Rood Lane, E.C.
Hans Olsen, c.o. Nobel Bros., Petro Product Company, St. Petersburg.
Hermann Janson, 3, 4 and 5, Rood Lane, E.C.
Elkan Heinemann, c.o. Deutsche Bank, Berlin.
Sir Ed. Fitzgerald Law, A. and N. Club.
Arthur Herz, 3, 4 and 5, Rood Lane.
H. N. Mosditchian, 70, Cornhill.

Europaische Petroleum Union Gesellschaft mit Veschränkter Haftung	Berlin, £10,000
Seven Others	7
	Capital £10,007

NEWFOUNDLAND PULP AND TIMBER TERRITORIES, LIMITED.

In our Financial Enquiries column last week we threw doubt upon the value of the shares in this Company. We now note that they are being hawked for sale by J. H. Iredale, of 21, Water Street, Liverpool. The circular asks for "the best bid for the whole or part of 10,000 fully paid shares." It would be interesting to know who is the holder of this valuable line. According to our information, the shares are absolutely worthless.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

THE FORTHCOMING "JOHN BULL" ISSUE.—MANY READERS.—You must keep your money in the bank a little longer. Your patience will be well rewarded. Six per Cent. Preference, with the right to convert into Ordinary, and a Sinking Fund in Trust securities!

FENTON POTTERY COMPANY.—SHARTOCK (Willesden Green).—How can we possibly tell you whether the dinner service sent to you by this company is "imported stuff"? We know nothing to the prejudice of the company.

WATNEY, COMBE, REID AND CO.—S. E. V. (Leeds).—We have no wish to be unfair, or to suggest that the directors do not give attention to the affairs of the company, but you will hardly deny that their remuneration is very liberal, and that shareholders have little to thank them for.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—STUDLE (Hove).—You write in reference to our recent comments.—"The facts seem to be that the loan was refused, and with that I find no fault, but surely there was no reason why the sum paid in by the investor should not be returned." We think there was good reason why. A certificate holder makes application for an advance, which, for good reasons, is refused. Why should that entitle the certificate holder to get back all the money he has paid in, though he is under contract to pay for many years to come? If that could be done, half the members of these societies would be getting back the money they had paid in after a year or two's payments.

THE GENERAL MARINE MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.—C. M. (Forest Gate).—We know nothing about it.

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.—J. W. W. (Leicester).—There are plenty of good British insurance offices. Why, then, insure with an American office, over which policy holders here have no control?

MACDONALD AND CO.—E. W. McT. (Southwark).—You would be very foolish to entrust your Bonds to these people. E. M. G. (London).—Certainly not.

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALASIA.—ONE OF YOUR IRISH READERS.—You have omitted to send us your address. The Head Office is in Melbourne, and the Association was established in 1869. The Society transacts business in the United Kingdom, its chief office in this country being at 5, Cheapside, E.C. On September 30th, 1901, the sums assured by new policies amounted to £2,779,033, and the total net premium income to £649,407, of which expenses and management, inclusive of commission, absorbed nearly 25 per cent. The funds were increased during the year by £365,832 to £4,844,002, and seem to have earned about £4 15s. 6d. per cent. in interest. Valuations are made triennially, the last in September, 1904, so that another was due at the close of the last financial year.

QUOTATION OF PRICES.—J. F. (Arundel).—(1) We do not know where they are to be found if they are not to be seen in the financial press.

THE PEOPLE'S LAND AND BUILDING AND DWELLING CO., LTD.—J. K. (Battersea Park).—We do not see what you have to complain about. Your deposit was accepted at 4 per cent., and 4 per cent. will be paid you. The notice to which you refer relates only to deposits after March 14th, 1908, and consequently you are not affected by it in any way. The reason the directors of the company have decided to reduce the rate of interest upon deposits from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent. is, as the Secretary informs us,

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 867 Westminster, 7765 German. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London.—ADVT.

that the increase in money received on deposits has been so large that they think it desirable to make the reduction.

CITY AND SOUTH LONDON.—KUDOS (Kirn).—(1) They ought to be worth their present price, but the purchase would be very speculative (see observations on preceding page). (2) We do not advise further purchase to average.

GAS, BUILDING SOCIETY.—A. E. H. (Ilford).—All four are offices of standing. We should be inclined to the one you have marked "B."

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES.—E. B. (Twickenham).—Have nothing to do with the people you mention. Apply to the Official Receiver.

EMPIRE GUARANTEE AND INSURANCE CORPORATION.—KIKUYU (Mombasi, B.E.A.).—The company was established in 1900, and its head office is at Glasgow. On July 1st last its capital amounted to £500,000, in shares of £1 each. The company transacts life, fire, accident, and miscellaneous business. The premium income in the accident department was £25,149, and in the life department £1,036 for the year to June, 1907. The assets on January 1st, 1908, apart from uncalled capital, amounted to £70,919.

SOUTH AMERICAN SECURITIES.—A. M. W. (Birmingham).—(1) There are very few South American securities we recommend to investors, and those you name are not among them. (2) We should certainly prefer Grand Trunks.

SAFE DEPOSIT.—I. U. G. (Stoke Newington).—We know nothing of the concern you name.

LANKA PLANTATION TEA CO.—W. J. R. (Chiswick).—We know of no special reason for selling just now.

ROYAL CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY.—S. G. W. (Newport).—We know nothing to its discredit.

INVESTMENT OF £400.—J. C. (Girvan).—We think you could do better than take the debentures offered to you. For example, Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, Jay's Cumulative Preference, Lipton's Five per Cent. Cumulative Preference, South Metropolitan Gas. All these represent first-class securities, and would give you an average of about 4½ per cent.

BASS, RATCLIFF, AND GRETTON.—J. G. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—The falling off is due to a considerable extent to something very like a boycott of this company's fine beers by the other brewers of the country.

VAAL RIVER GOLD FIELDS.—CORINTHIC (R. Ham).—If they were not quoted in the "Financial News" or "Financial Times" we do not know where you would find them.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—H. M. (Norwich).—Yes, we are inclined to think so. The assets of the company at the end of 1907 were estimated at £346,214.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—SURVEYOR (Essex).—If you *will* speculate, this is one of the safest firms to deal with. SHARES (Liverpool).—Sorry your transactions have not been more profitable, but what is your complaint?

UNION PACIFIC FOUR PER CENT. FIRST LIEN BONDS.—SUBSCRIBER (Birmingham).—In the current year the Company has made two issues of Bonds, the first of $70,000,000 of Four per Cent. Convertible Bonds, and the second of $50,000,000 Four per Cent. First Lien and Refunding Mortgage Bonds. The greater portion of the proceeds of the first issue was required to pay off debt which had previously been incurred in purchasing property, and in buying a large holding of Baltimore and Ohio Common and Preferred Stocks. The second issue is largely for the purpose of construction, and for the provision of additional facilities on the Pacific Coast. Authority is to be obtained from the stockholders in October next to extend the lien of the Refunding Mortgage on the lines pledged under the First Mortgage of 1899, and until such action by the stockholders the issue of Refunding Bonds will remain limited to the issue of $50,000,000. We never advise investment in American railroad securities, but we do not think you need be anxious as to this one. Union Pacific Bonds are strong securities, the interest charge requiring only about 20 per cent. of the net income.

CRESCENT WOLFRAM ESTATES, LIMITED.—SHAREHOLDER (Manchester).—Development work is proceeding. The official reports are hopeful.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—Initials illegible (Newtown, N.B.).—The first named concern is now in liquidation, and we await developments with interest. We know nothing against the other. P. L. (Dyffryn).—Have nothing to do with the first of the two firms you name. R. L. R. (Abercarn).—We do not advise dealings. You are quite right in asking where their profit comes from if they make no charge. ACE (London).—Our advice is to have nothing to do with any of the firms you mention. L. W. O. (W. Kensington).—Have nothing to do with the firm, and write to Gordon and Co., again demanding the shares for which you have paid, and let us know what reply you get. T. B. (Devizes).—Have no dealings with them. J. B. (Holybead).—The answer is in the negative.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—J. F. (Manchester).—We never recommend deposits with concerns that offer 10 per cent.

GRAND TRUNK GUARANTEED.—F. W. (Falmouth).—Safe, yes, as safe as the Bank of England.

THE BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—N. P. (Leytonstone).—We are obliged for the cutting. You will see in our last issue our comment upon the case to which you refer, but because the Corporation behaved badly on the occasion to which we referred, it does not follow that our comments upon the previous case were not warranted. We satisfied ourselves that they were.

THE HULL TRANSPORT AND TRADING CO.—H. H. H. (Walthamstow).—Yes, we think there is connection between the two companies. You can see a list of Directors in any of the ordinary books of reference dealing with joint stock companies.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—G. T. (Sunderland).—(1) We presume the Governments in question keep the necessary records. (2) You can get information as to the drawings from the "Belgian Bi-Monthly Moniteur."

WARING AND GILLOW'S.—H. M. (Norwich).—Selfridge's is another building further up Oxford Street. We know nothing of the case you mention, or of the arrangement with the Prudential. Better await the report and accounts.

LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—O. H. R. (Bridgwater).—The society is one of standing, and the debentures are safe.

THE SCOTTISH ANTI-MINING COMPANY.—G. W. S. (London).—It would be a very speculative purchase.

PAYMENT TO SOCIETY.—B. J. (Rochdale).—How is it possible for us to advise you if you do not give us the name of the society?

ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—E. G. W. (Guildford).—We take note of your transaction with these people. Give them a wide berth in future.

BANK DEPOSITS.—LEVITICUS (Bow).—We do not suggest that your deposit would be unsafe in either Farrow's or the Charing Cross Banks, but we certainly do not approve of the issue of cheque books with £1 accounts.

BRITISH LIFE OFFICE.—G. W. (Feltham).—It seems hard, but apparently the company is within its rights in refusing to do what you ask them.

IRLAND INSURANCE COMPANY.—T. J. J. (Hackney).—Our advice would be against doing so. We take notice of the remainder of your letter.

CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS, LIMITED.—H. W. W. (Brixton Hill).—We know of no reason for the fall in these shares, except the one that would apply generally to Indian stocks, namely, the desire of timorous holders to sell consequent upon the disturbed state of the country. But, as you say, if it is the reason for the fall in the tramway shares, it is strange that one particular stock should be the only one affected.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.—G. H. B. (Coventry).—We have no complaints, but do not take upon ourselves the responsibility of advising dealings.

POST OFFICE DEPOSIT.—PADDY (Cork).—Better leave it where it is for the moment. Our own prospectus will be out soon.

MERCANTILE BANK OF LONDON AND FARROW'S BANK.—HOMO (Leicester).—Both are respectable. But you must make your own choice.

MANICA COPPER SHARES.

WHEN AT 7/-

We recommended a purchase of these shares. SEE "Financial News" and "Financial Times." June 12, 1907.

THE PRICE IS NOW ABOUT 14/-

Our Advice has thus Proved CORRECT!

We now say, if you have taken advantage of our information and bought the shares,

SELL

MANICA COPPER SHARES.

SECURE YOUR PROFITS AND SELL YOUR SHARES.

We will advise you when to go in again.

OUR INFORMATION IS RELIABLE.

Although the Mine will probably prove a success eventually, we say—

MANICA COPPER SHARES

ARE GOING LOWER.

Sell your holding and you will be able to buy back again at a much lower price.

Our former advice has proved correct and we have secured a large clientèle.

WE KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON!

SECURE A GOOD PRICE WHILE YOU CAN.

LONDON & PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE,

LIMITED,

40-42, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

Telephones: 4710, 4711, 4712, London Wall.
Telegrams and Cables: "Forthcoming, London."

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

SEPARATION ORDERS AND IMPRISONMENT.

We have received the following letter from a correspondent who is one of the victims referred to in the letter. We have satisfied ourselves that he is a man of good character; that he is without means; that the separation from his wife is due to no misconduct on his part; that his wife is in a situation which enables her to live comfortably, irrespective of the allowance from her husband; and that the four young children of the marriage have to be supported by the husband alone. Yet because he is unable, through misfortune, to keep up the separation payments, he is sent to gaol, and sent again almost as soon as he is released, and now expects to be re-committed. Indeed, there seems to be no end to the imprisonment before him if he cannot get work. And what of the unhappy children whilst their father is in gaol fretting his life out? Really we find it difficult to restrain our language when referring to the magistrate who can lend himself to such abominable injustice, who will not take the trouble to inquire into the circumstances of the case, but is content to know that the man before him has disobeyed the order of the Court, and cares not a jot whether the disobedience is due to perversity or misfortune. Our correspondent writes:—

> I am glad to see your comment on Mr. Baggallay's remarks *re* the issuing of warrants, and I hope that other of the London magistrates may read and profit by it.
>
> It is not generally known that under the Married Women's Act of 1895, many hundreds of men are suffering terms of imprisonment through pure inability to comply with the magistrates' orders to pay a weekly sum to their wives (some of whom are otherwise well provided for), and towards the end of their term, upon the application of the wife, a warrant has been granted by the magistrate for the husband's re-arrest at the prison gates on his release.
>
> To my certain knowledge during the past five months, two cases of this kind have occurred, and the men in each instance were sent back to Brixton Prison the same day as they were released; in the first case after serving three months, to a further term of three months from the South-Western Police-court; and in the second case, after serving two months, to a further term of two months from the West Ham Police-court; and a third case, after serving one month, and only being released for three days, the man was sent back again for a further two months, and in this case the husband has the custody of the whole of the children (four) to provide for, and each of the wives in these cases is well provided for. Further, in the whole of these three cases the husbands were not allowed any time at all to find the money which had accrued during the first term of imprisonment.
>
> This may be "law," but to the lay mind it isn't justice.

SOME LEGAL QUERIES.

Preston (Bridlington).—Income tax is payable by the mortgagor, and he must deduct it from the interest when he pays the mortgagee, and, having deducted it, he holds it on behalf of the Crown. If he does not deduct it that is his fault. An owner is not liable to pay inhabited house duty.

Nemo (Bury St. Edmunds).—Your best course is to apply to the Secretary, Inland Revenue, Somerset House, W.C., and explain what happened, and ask for a refund of the tax over-paid. The Commissioners will then tell you what information they need in support of the claim.

Income Tax Deductions.—Tax and Others.—In reply to several correspondents, we may say that the only deductions that can be made from income in respect of moneys paid out for thrifty purposes, which, though paid, will, in the long run, come back in some form, are payments for life insurance premiums. No deduction can be made for compulsory payments to pension funds, payments to friendly societies, etc.

J. A. G. (Covent Garden).—If the lodgers will not go you should apply to the magistrate for an order of ejectment.

Sweep (London).—If there are three executors, any of them can renounce probate, and leave the others, or one of them, to prove the will.

Mariner (Liverpool).—Inhabited house duty, which is a duty payable by the occupier, is not payable on houses below £20 annual value, but Property Tax, which is Income Tax payable by the owner, is payable on all property. If the owner's income is not more than £160 per annum he can claim repayment of any such tax, or can claim exemption.

Travelling First with Third-Class Ticket.—Reader.—If you tendered the fare in excess and explained why you selected the carriage for which your ticket was not available, the company could still prosecute if they alleged that this was not an isolated case and could show that you had done the same thing before without paying. It depends whether the collector catches you before you tender the excess.

Crown Rights.—Patentee (Hammersmith).—The subject is too special for us to go into deeply in this paper, but we may say that the views put forward on behalf of the Crown are not new to us, and have been discussed over and over again. You really have no remedy if the Crown chooses to use a patent for experimental purposes, and you are entirely in the hands of the officials as to what they pay you for the use of any patent.

Proceedings in Bankruptcy.—T. F. (Slough).—We have gone through your papers (which we return), but we do not see how we can help you in the matter. You make various allegations respecting the administration of your estate which implies bad faith, if not something worse, on the part of the solicitors and others connected with the winding-up of the estate. These charges may be well founded. Our impression upon reading the papers is that you have serious cause of complaint, but a re-opening of the matter is hopeless. Administration of your estate was long ago completed, and the Official Receiver, who was trustee in your bankruptcy at Windsor, was released on the 17th October, 1902. Under these circumstances you are, in our opinion, only wasting time and money in working for a re-opening of the matter.

Duty of the Trustee.—J. (Sheffield).—The Trustee could, if he thought fit, pay a portion of the legacies, and this would be quite legal. It would be very unlikely that he would pay some legacies in full, until he had got in all the money, as he might not have enough to pay all the others in full.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

To the Secretary,
London and Paris Exchange, Ltd.,
Basildon House.
Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

Please send me gratis and post free your book, entitled "Modern Banking and Investment"

Name .....

Address .....

[John Bull Coupon.] .....

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

"THE PROBLEM" AND THE MELODRAMA.

I trust that our melodramatists do not intend to take themselves so seriously as some of the preliminary paragraphists would have us believe. I began to be quite nervous about going to the Lyceum first night as a result of what I had read in the papers, and I remembered "The Manxman" as rather a good novel dating from the time when Hall Caine used to get his hair cut and his whiskers trimmed; and the dramatised version as a robust play in which Wilson Barrett had been nearly great as the heroic Pete. Then the publicity men came along and told me that in the new Caine-Parker melodrama, based on the old story and the 1897 play, I should find problems and protests against the harshness of mankind toward erring women and all sorts of other weird and woe-begone piffle which Mr. Caine was stated to believe would lead to much heated discussion.

A VERY GOOD PLAY.

I was greatly relieved to find a very good play indeed, admirably acted and beautifully presented. Years ago I shouted for Mr. Matheson Lang as one of our few really notable actors; and his Pete, added to his Romeo and his John Storm, has put the seal on his especial merit. None of my readers should abstain from seeing "Pete" because some news sheet has sworn that it deals with great subjects in the later Caine manner. It does this very little; the personalities of the play are the eternal three—the virtuous man, the wicked man, and the maiden who is betwixt and between in several senses. In fact, it is as the youth of the period say "rippin'," and not at all oppresively problematic; and the audience is as entertaining as the play. Hall Caine and the Lyceum management know better than most popular caterers for amusement how to knock 'em; and once more they have done the trick.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

The *Daily News* is never happier than when raising a pother about the danger to other people's morals that exists in this, that, or the other direction; and lately it has been going large on the subject of the export of English girls abroad for theatrical purposes. Unfortunately, the *Stage*, which should know better, has backed up the *News* to some extent. "The surroundings are not good, and the midnight experience of the boulevards or cheap hotels is a dangerous one for young girls," says the *Stage*. What the midnight experience of the stage girl in Paris may be I am unaware—as the *Daily News* and *Stage* writers are also I hope—but I doubt whether it is worse than her experience in London.

THE WIDE-AWAKE GIRLS.

These dancing girls as a rule know how to look after themselves; most of them have had to do so ever since they could toddle. They are employed in troupes as a rule; and they are supervised at least as much as they want to be. Their temptations are less than those of most London tea-shop girls and little French milliners, because they are very well paid. The work is hard; but it is not so hard as that of the ordinary working woman and it is less monotonous. In short, as things go, these dancing girls are very well off; and they do not want any fussy interference, still less any superfluous pity. For the most part, like our barmaids and other women of free habits whom the prude does not understand, they are as moral (and as wide-awake) as the rest of us. The case of little children is of course different; but any English girl over sixteen who prefers to earn her living by dancing in Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna will be found, generally speaking, quite as capable of withstanding the gilded vice of those cities as the average Nonconformist deacon or leader writer on the Stiggins press. For business reasons alone, if for no other, the managers of English dancing troupes abroad guard their protégés much more carefully than here, as everyone knows who has any knowledge of Continental contracts.

THE ONE-ACT PLAY.

Mr. Alfred Butt, I understand, during next year will introduce to Palace audiences a long series of well-known actors in one-act plays. This decision is to be applauded from every possible point of view. No one wants to convert the variety hall into a one-act playhouse; but the well-written, well-played playlet may quite appropriately be included in the programme of any high-class variety house which attempts to cater for all tastes. Already most of the halls show us small plays, although they call them sketches. With the exception of half a dozen or so, every one of these is as badly written as it can be, and as fearsomely acted. Good theatrical actors do not always shine when they take to the variety stage; but the worst actors to be found on the regular stage can act better than the usual sketch "artiste." Most of these latter are born coal-heavers, and might make tolerable Thames bargemen; but they ought never to be allowed to get within a dozen yards of the footlights or to speak a single word in public. They are rankly ignorant of the art of decent speech, and have no conception of the elements of acting. They are a disgrace to their employers—who pay them nearly enough to get three solid meals of skilly per diem, I am told—and ought to be warned off by all managers with eyes to see and ears to hear. Mr. Butt will put on good plays, well acted he says. If the plays are bright and brief, and are done with spirit, they should prove very attractive.

P.

Why is Electricity so Popular?

WHAT IT IS DOING FOR DISEASE.

The wonderful strides that electricity has made in a mechanical way occasion wonder and admiration. It is performing with the greatest ease things that were considered impossible not more than ten or twenty years ago. Its utility in every branch of industry is almost boundless.

Nor is its utility in the sciences any less pronounced. Greater use is being made of it by the medical profession than by any other scientific men. Every experiment has justified its use, and even led to still greater progress. Some physicians have gone so far as to discard the use of medicines in many cases where nothing but electricity is now employed.

The real secret of the wonderful effect electricity has upon the human body is embedded in the fact that it is nerve energy. Electricity and nerve force are identical. What is more natural, therefore, than to cure any condition, resulting from a lack of nerve force by the infusion of electric energy into the body? The weakened nerves and tissues lack their natural supply, and if some means can be employed whereby this life element can be restored, the chances of a cure are ninety-nine in every one hundred.

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A book upon the subject has been published for free distribution among all those interested. It is a volume of eighty pages, which is brimful of the things all sufferers like to read. This nicely illustrated book does not cost you a penny, though it is well worth two guineas to anyone who will read it. Drop a postcard or a letter to The British Electric Institute (Dep. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., and you will get the book per return post in a plain sealed envelope.—[ADVT.]

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Doctors' New Notions.

Those Harley Street specialists are always upsetting our preconceived ideas. At one time we fondly believed that if we wished to be "healthy, wealthy and wise" we must "early to bed and early to rise." Now it appears that the early morning hours are terribly unhealthy, and the only true course of wisdom is to remain safely tucked away in our little cots until they be passed. And the very latest health tip is that we only attain a perfect condition of self-control at the risk of blood poisoning. If we bottle up any of our emotions too firmly—if we keep a placid exterior while rage, fear, joy or anxiety are surging within our bosoms, we are thereby creating a poison in our blood that may work dire damage! Well, dear doctor, it certainly sounds very impressive and learned, but I don't think that in our present state of civilisation we can be allowed to follow the implied prescription. It is certainly exasperating when a careless dressmaker ruins our exquisite materials, but are we then to give free vent to our rage—to shout, scream, stamp our feet, and, perchance, tear out handfulls of the erring *modiste's* hair? To explain that we were endeavouring to save ourselves from blood poisoning would be held a sorry excuse. On the contrary, to conceal every outward sign of any emotion is a very effective plan for subduing its force, while self-restraint has everything to recommend it from the point of view of personal beauty. Whatever your feelings may be, do not allow them to imprint their mark upon your countenance. How rapidly is beauty spoiled by lines drawn by ill-temper, worry, pain, even over-much laughter or constant animation. Whatever doctors may say, experience has proved that to keep calm is one of the great secrets of eternal youth.

The Cult of the Petticoat.

Directoire gowns will probably be in full swing next year, and then it may be good-bye to the petticoat for a season or two. Only knickers of silk or satin can possibly be allowed beneath a correct Directoire costume, but with the timid imitations that are ushering in the daring style, the underskirt retains all its old importance. As a matter of fact, the newest models have never been surpassed for smartness and elaboration. Of a half-dozen hailing from Paris this week, perhaps the most striking was one formed of black net, the deep frill embroidered with starfish and sea anemones in gold and silver *paillettes*. Another of the same type consisted of white net embroidered in jet rays. Touches of black are obviously in high favour in "gay Paree" for petticoats, for a third had big black lace appliqués and black chiffon ruches upon an underskirt of yellow net. More dainty, though less new and striking, was a petticoat of the palest shade of pink satin. It was encircled from hem to knee by bands of simple baby ribbon, graduated in tones of pink, from almost white to a deep rose hue. Another—more simple but very attractive—was of snowy-white lawn, embroidered round the border by rising suns and their outstanding rays in white thread. Needless to say, all these underskirts fit closely as sheaths around the hips, and one and all are made with deep-shaped belts, so that not the slightest wrinkle shall disturb the serenity of the gown that covers them.

Frocks for Sweet Fifteen.

There is no age at which it is easier to look charming than from fourteen to seventeen. The gown reaches only to the ankles, showing to full advantage dainty little arched feet in smart shoes. The hair still flows more or less freely over the shoulders, framing the face in irresistible style; the complexion is fresh and unsullied, the lips rosy, the eyes bright. Oh, to be sweet fifteen once more! For all that it is sometimes difficult to find a style of dress that is quite suited to the unformed immature figure. It is especially advisable that the waist should not be unduly compressed, not only for health's sake, but because the absence of much hip or bust gives a mean, scraggy appearance to an over-pinched waist on a girlish form. The high-waisted type of gown now so fashionable is particularly favourable to the slenderness of youth, and, of course, simplicity of make is always attractive. Bright, gay colours may well be allowed in the "Rosebud Garden of Girls," and floppy baby hats, such as elder women envy, but dare not emulate. If the arms are pretty, elbow sleeves add to the fresh girlish appearance, but, alas! one of the drawbacks of this charming age is the frequent unsightly thinness of the arm. Over-much jewellery seems very out of place on the "Happy Young," but simple bangles, a small brooch, and a locket or pendant can call for no unkind criticism. Rings for the fingers are apt to look flashy, while earrings had far better be left to add to more mature charms.

Colours, Jewels and Earrings.

It is both fashionable, nowadays, and becoming, to wear jewellery that matches the colour of one's hat or gown. Thus turquoise with blue, coral with pink, sapphire with navy, emerald with green, and so on. Nor is it always necessary to indulge in precious stones, for there are so many pretty and inexpensive designs for pendants, earrings, etc., in coloured enamels which are just as much worn as more expensive trinkets. Apropos of this, among the smart items in a smart paper I read that "earrings of pink coral are very fashionable. *Some* of them hang from the ear."

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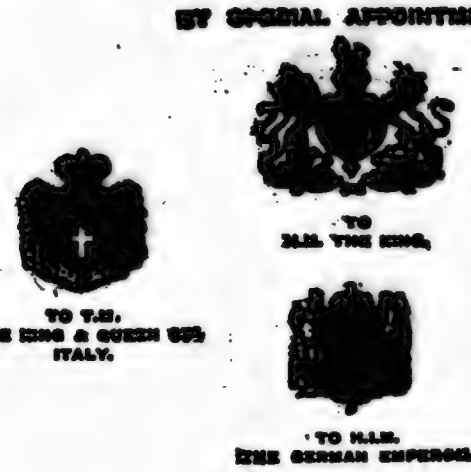

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BY THEODORE DAHLE.

A WOMAN'S GREATEST TREASURE.

For some years the name of Mrs. Georgina Weldon has not appeared in the papers. I believe she was the first of our lady advocates, and that her name used to be a household word, like Sawney's Soap and Foodle's Food for Infants. This eminent lady now breaks the long years of silence to speak of my sex in terms, I will not say of opprobrium, but of the most lamentable disrespect. This cannot be allowed to pass without protest. Years ago the Lord found Adam sleeping in a lovely garden, and while the gentleman was in that state of unconscious somnolence, took from him a rib and made a woman thereof. It is not on record whether, when Adam found himself with a rib short, he made any bones about it; but I do think that the knowledge of the humble origin of her sex should at least have taught Mrs. Weldon to treat mine with adequate reverence.

What is the gravamen of Mrs. Weldon's charge against us? "As far as my seventy years' experience goes," she says, "my impression is that the less one has to do with man the better. I wish I had never seen one." It may be that Mrs. Weldon has been somewhat unfortunate in her personal selection. It may be that she gave her young heart to one who failed to appreciate it at its true value. It may be the love she lavished upon him became a desolation and a waste, for I am willing to admit that this is a world in which you never know your luck. To-day we are happy; to-morrow we may be married and acquainted with grief. This is as true of one sex as the other, and when I hear a man singing that pathetic song, "Put Me Among the Girls," I often feel that he must be yearning for the precipitation of some great calamity. One of the poets whose matchless music echoes even now through this vale of tears, says, "You can't do without a girl." I don't dispute this profound saying. I think it is probably an accurate statement of the facts. On the other hand, I am almost equally convinced that a girl can't do without a boy, and should not even if she could. Without a boy a girl is incomplete and ineffectual.

So though Mrs. Weldon may wish she had never seen a man, I am anxious to point out to others of her sex that man at his best is a good thing, and that even at his worst he is never as bad as he might be. He is an evolved animal of infinite possibilities. And a girl should not forget that two things alone will sustain him in this life—love and food—and that the greater of these is food. A girl can do anything she pleases with him, if she will but feed him, and nothing at all with him if she doesn't. A man inappropriately or insufficiently fed is a delusion and a snare; he has been known to leave his happy home and take to drink. Treat him in a manner suited to his god-like qualities, and he will be found well worthy a trial.

Mrs. Weldon says she "wonders at the great difficulty anybody appears to feel in cutting the Gordian knot." But, as an American philosopher has remarked, "Yew can't argy agin natur'. Some wimmin vally a man fer his constancy, an' others fer his check-book, an' that's why they ain't anxious tew part with him. They kno lots of uther wimmin have their eyes on him, an' would be on'y tew glad tew give him shelter." It is not as if man were other than a faithful animal. He is the more faithful and docile of the sexes. When he has invited a woman to come home for ever and bring her box with her, he seldom departs from her, except for business or pleasure. He provides her with everything she needs, from hats to boots, and all he requires of her, in addition to strict attention to mealtimes, is that she shall keep her eyes shut when he is about, and go deaf in both ears when he isn't. Surely this is a simple working arrangement tending to the highest earthly felicity.

As a result of her seventy years' experience of mankind, Mrs. Weldon is not ashamed to say that she knows nothing of their chivalry or fair play, and does not believe it ever existed. It is a hard saying. From that morning of the world when Eve stole the apple and Adam hoisted her up the tree, the chivalry of man has excited universal admiration. When there is a crowd round a London tramcar on a rainy day, he steps back six paces, bows, raises his hat, and allows all the ladies to pass in unscathed. Proud of his physical culture, he might easily knock off their hats, rend their garments, and shove them back into the rain. But this is not his way. Decorous, gentle, chivalrous, he waits till all the ladies are seated, not even asking whether any of them will kindly go and sit on the top to oblige a gentleman, and then he buttons up his collar, turns up the bottoms of his trousers, and swims home with a glad smile.

You may look at man in any aspect you will—well, when you see him posing as a Greek god in a sculpture gallery, you needn't look if you would rather not—but in whatever position or circumstances he may be placed, I take leave to say for him, that he rises to the occasion. He has all the qualities which make for human perfection; and if, when he is put among the girls, he occasionally falls a little short of the ideal—and this is not often—let them remember that they, too, are not always on the side of the angels, and sometimes tempt and try him sorely. Take him in the lump, and don't play tricks with his food, and you have in him the greatest treasure which the abounding beneficence of Providence has ever given to woman.

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Most men start life with the determination to succeed; to rise in their trade or profession to one of the positions at the top. They have youth, pluck, perseverance, and courage to help them along. In a word they deserve success. But do they **command it? No.** However great a man's natural abilities may be, he cannot **command** success without Technical Training. This is the era of the Trained Man. He is the man employers want. He is the man selected for the important position and **who draws the best pay.** We want to make **you** a trained man. We want to add to your determination to succeed the Technical Education which is absolutely essential, and

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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—
That the Territorials can't sham fight.
That the National Gallery Trustees say "Hals well that ends well."
That the Old-Age Scheme will cost more for working expenses than for pensions.
That Abdul Aziz has got his deserts.
That at Winston Churchill's wedding the Suffragettes will ring the bells.
That Houndsditch thinks there's a "good deal" in a name.
That Lord Milner has aroused a General Botha in South Africa.
That Hall Caine intends to take up literature as a career.
That "The Future Prime Minister"—just published—is an appreciation of our Editor.
That the unfitness of the Army is due to too much "fag."
That Scotland Yard can't "dog" criminals.

We have the Wright aeroplane at last.

There was to have been a housewarming at Burley-on-the-Hill the day after the fire. It happened a day too soon.

A woman's mission, says Mrs. Hugh Adams, is to be beautiful. That is why so many of the sex have no aim in life.

The British Medical Association has been discussing "the smoke nuisance" and "alcohol." The logical nexus is clear.

The true Bohemian is the boy who can be *sans six sous* and also *sans souci*.

A headline: Factory inspectors in an oven. Evidently a case of sweating.

Extract from a letter in a breach-of-promise action: "I send you fourteen billion tons of love." No wonder it was a question of wait.

We read of ladies' hats 36 in. in width. A yard and a garden in one.

Useful Notes for Tourists—Bank notes.

The Holiday Rush—the sea-side landlady's bill.

Going Down with the Tied—Sharing a railway compartment with a honeymoon couple.

The Sailor's Grave—Well, cheer him up, then.

A "Fine" Day.—The one following a too hilarious Bank Holiday.

Mrs. Petre has left a legacy for hot cross buns out of her abundance.

Does Mr. Lloyd George think that Mr. Rupert Guinness swam to victory on a bottle of stout?

The man who recently found two rings embedded in the sand at Aldeburgh, now thinks tourings a profitable affair.

Manchester is considering a system of trams without lines. L.C.C. Moderates say that trams without "rails" are an impossibility.

"Bishop on the Sands," runs a heading. Better that than "on the rocks."

"Whatever is English is right," says the *North American*. And whatever is not English is left—for other nations.

"The High Adventure" is the title of a new book. By a rising author no doubt!

Old-Age Pensions are suggested as a remedy for the dearth of clergymen. It ought to curate.

The Bavarian railway authorities are advertising for thirty-six missing carriages. Some folk think nothing of taking a train.

An American woman has travelled 25,000 miles in search of a Venus. Most of her sex spend their lives looking for an Adonis.

Some Curious Advertisements:—
"Young woman, unfortunately placed, wants mangling with twins."
"Plain cook wanted for the country. One who can milk a cow and a Christian preferred."
"Wanted, woman able to cook one lady."
"For sale, goodwill of established boarding-house, in good swing. Splendid opening for widow; 20 beds full of gentlemen."
"Widow in comfortable circumstances desires to marry two sons."
"Wanted, two strong, clean youths for sausages."
"A nobleman by descent, 35, single, but not education or means, much harassed by plebeians. Will any fellow-bloodsman help?"
"Lady desires to dispose of perambulator, her own child growing out of it."
"Lady having small bungalow, would be glad to find another as companion."
"Turkey carpet for sale, property of a gentleman too large for his room."
"For sale, three woollen babies' shoes, two black gentleman's hats, and one green lady's parasol."
"Wanted by widow—husband to push fried fish business, or to be sold."
"Found, in Bridge Street, on Saturday, purse with money. Owner can have it on proving his legitimacy.—Address, &c."
"In loving memory of my dear husband. He that suffered is at rest from his wife and children."
"Wanted industrious man to take charge of sheep who can speak German."
"Wanted, a female donkey; apply personally or by letter."
"Lady, whose husband is going abroad, wishes to meet with another to be her companion during his absence."

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

"JOHN BULL, LIMITED."—In answer to many enquiries we beg to state that the prospectus of OUR Company will be issued early in October. Meanwhile readers must keep their money in the bank.

A. H. M. (Leighton Buzzard).—Thanks for report, but the matter is too local in character.

J. E. P. (Cape Town) sends us a copy of the *Hawk*, published over there, in which, without any kind of acknowledgment of the idea, our biscuit feature is adopted in *extenso*. As J. E. P. correctly observes, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery"—and we blush.

Miss N. B. G. (London, W.) favours us with a long letter which she has evidently sent the rounds of the press. We are willing to wager her the sum of a silver sixpence that no editor prints it.

"KNOWLTON DISGUSTED."—We cannot take up your serious charge without knowing your name and address.

H. C. W. (Birmingham).—The St. Bride Watch Co. (12, St. Bride Street, E.C.) appears to be a slavish imitation of similar concerns. Surely it is time that somebody invented a new kind of fraud.

G. M. sends us the account of the prosecution of a quack doctor who was exposed in JOHN BULL. He had been carrying on business for twenty years, and his books showed an income of something like £1,400 a year. We will never expose him again.

S. H. C. (Stratford) wants information about a trip on a tramp steamer going to Spain or Italy. We suggest his writing to some of the steamship owners, say, at West Hartlepool.

R. A. S. (South Norwood) asks us not to be sarcastic. But we mean no harm, and he mustn't mind our chaff. We suggest that he should lay his proposal before some of the Nonconformist clergy. If he will do so, we shall be delighted to hear the result.

F. H. (Tottenham Court Road).—We have sent your letter to be translated, as we have not the faintest idea what it means.

E. R. (Eastbourne) is determined that "so-called temperance reformers will not have it all their own way." But they haven't as it is. Meanwhile, we raise our elbow.

"BRITON" (Stratford).—We were much interested by your remarks about temperance and licensing, and shall always be glad to hear from you on those subjects.

J. F. (Rochester) is a mechanic in regular employment and wants a loan of £10, repayable in instalments at a low rate of interest. We are always willing to oblige our readers, but we fear we must draw the line at introducing them to moneylenders. They might begin to draw on us.

E. B. (Balham).—Thanks for your poem and your appreciation of our efforts.

P. M. M. (Sturminster Newton).—We do not agree that a fine of 40s. is "an abominable sentence" for stealing corn. You must remember that this offence often means a fraud upon the horse as well as upon its owner.

J. O'C. (Cricklewood).—We are sorry your bicycle was stolen, but we gather that the men will have to go to prison if they do not pay you the value of the machine.

E. M. G. L.—Sorry your suggestions for biscuit awards have eluded us. Mr. Dahle asks us to say that he received the screed on "Silence," and that Mum's the word.

T. F., JUNR. (Maidstone).—We are always glad of hints. But you must not expect Jim Crow to remain unregenerate now that he has taken the pledge. We will let you know in good time when we are going to win the Derby. No hurry.

J. S. (Glasgow).—The book about astrology and roulette was written by John Roye and published by Nichols and Co., 34, Hart Street, London, W. The price is 6s., which we advise you to save.

"JAY GEM" (Leyton) writes us a very long and interesting letter full of compliments, besides various poems to Jim Crow and an "Ode to the Banana." What banana? But Jim protests against the idea that "bewitching eyes at Trieste have upset the Crowian perch and made things chuck in the Crowian menage." He is as virtuous as good St. Anthony. Perhaps even more so.

C. E. (Upper Edmonton) wants to know our objections to the phrase "under the circumstances." We refer him to the derivation of circumstances, meaning "standing round." How can anything be under things which stand round it? "Among the circumstances" might pass at a pinch.

P. B. (Glasgow), replying to S. J. L. (Hither Green), says that he cannot prove that all instalment firms are unscrupulous, but he fears the respectable ones are few and far between. S. J. L. contended that £54 worth of goods could not come to a man's house without his knowledge. But P. B. replies that they were sold or pawned by the man's wife as soon as she got them, and the collectors took care to come in the man's absence until they found he knew all about it. Then they only came to threaten him. Finally P. B. says he has not the remotest idea of the geographical position of Hither Green, and suggests that S. J. L. is an instalment man himself. Not knowing, we cannot say.

"RIDER" (London Wall) says we did not acknowledge one of his biscuits, and asks "Is Crow responsible for this omission? If so, persuade him that oxalic acid is cheap." But fortunately he prefers Oxo. The Biscuit was published on August 8th.

H. M. (Regent Street) has a number of volumes of JOHN BULL published about 1880, and wants to know if they are of any interest. This looks as though he had not yet read them. Perhaps he is too busy reading us.

V. L. (Brondesbury Park) writes, "In my letter to you re barking dog, posted this morning, I omitted to enclose stamp for reply. I send one herewith." We do not want his stamp, but as a matter of fact he does not enclose one this time either. Better luck next time.

L. A. D. (Huddersfield).—*Club Life*, published in Goswell Road, will give you the information you want about Sunday entertainments at the political clubs of the Metropolis.

C. H. H. (Johannesburg) sends us what he calls "a few words of encouragement" in our attempts to "show up" Natal. He complains that we have not always answered his previous letters, "some of them of a very pertinent character." If we remember rightly, they were so far from being pertinent that we made use of them to wipe our razor.

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Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

B. O. W. (Battle) barks very angrily at us for suggesting that the Sabbath is really the seventh day. He offers us the following polite alternatives: "Either you are grossly at fault or you are a Jew." We beg to refer him to the Fourth Commandment. Bow-wow, B. O. W.!

"Anti-Judaiser" (Wimbledon) supports our contention, but says we did not go far enough: "The Bible expressly absolves all believers in Christ from Sabbath-day observance, the Commandments being a part of the Law of Moses, and as Paul observes to the Christian believers, 'Ye are not under the Law, but under grace.' Christ, as everyone should know, always expressed His disapproval of fanatical Sabbath observance, and never enjoined it. And St. Paul said (Colossians ii. 16), 'Let no man judge you in respect of an holyday, or of the Sabbath.' No, Sir! the Bible is no more responsible for the Creeds of Christendom than is your own common-sense paper. In a precisely similar manner it could be shown how some of the most cherished beliefs of the Christian religion are utterly foreign to Bible teaching. The Bible, when understood aright, is eminently sane and of engrossing interest, but when 'interpreted' to fit in with Babylonian and Egyptian Paganism, its teachings are nullified, its doctrines become drivel, and the more intelligent class (like the late Charles Bradlaugh) become agnostics rather than submit to the Athanasian Creed or similar 'commandments of men,' no better instance of which could be found than that of 'Sunday observance,' which you have rendered a service to the community by showing up." Now then, B. O. W.

"A Keen Observer" (Bermondsey) sends us a cutting from the *Star* about "the strong homing instinct in well-bred pigeons." It appears that someone sent two pairs of eggs to the North of England, and they were hatched by hens of the locality. Two or three weeks after they had learnt to fly they went straight to the loft where they had been laid. Our silly season *has* commenced!

H. M. (Barking) wishes to know whether in 1881 Mr. Chamberlain said "it would be bad policy to make war with President Kruger." We have no recollection of such a statement, but Mr. Chamberlain said so many things about that time.

S. C. (Stoke Newington).—We can only repeat that we are not a Court of Appeal.

H. W. E. G. (Worcester).—"Glub" and "Star of the Dessert" are just not funny enough misprints for an award.

M. R. (Clapham).—You bring blushes to our cheeks.

B. I. (Leeds) thinks nothing of our Bull's Eyes. Neither do we, but our readers do. The poem was much relished by our collie.

S. P. R. (South Farnboro') sends us a poem, "quacking with fear that the W.P.B. will probably be its last resting-place." He need no longer quack. But why call L.S.D. a Trinity? They are not co-equal or indivisible or even eternal.

J. M. E. (Holywell) wants a biscuit for someone who addressed him as "Rev." though he is not a parson. We revere him all the same.

"Taflo" (Stoke Newington) corrects our printer's slips in French. Merci.

W. S. (Guilford Street).—We always associate the cry for "three acres and a cow" with Jesse Collings.

"Clarinius" (Kirkintilloch).—Too tough a job for us. We never drown anybody or anything except in wine.

E. E. C. (Ramsgate).—We must not be too hard upon our provincial brethren. No doubt they are doing their best.

F. K. D. (Highgate).—Good boy to work so hard on our behalf. We will enlarge ourselves as soon as we can do so with safety.

D. A. T. (London).—Thanks for letter, but our Idea Department is overstocked at present.

"Unionist" (Euston).—Get thee—in front of us.

A. G. A. (Stamford Hill).—The item to which you direct our attention is a little bit biscuity, but is capable of explanation.

D. W. V. (Briton Ferry).—What a sour mood you must have been in when you wrote us! Buck up!

J. A. B. (London).—Glad you like us. The compliment is reciprocated.

A. McH.—Unless you have any special connections, we should not advise you to take on the *role* of commercial traveller. The profession is already very overcrowded.

"Timothy James" (Bermondsey).—Never mind; these things will happen, and, after all, we think you got full value for your money.

J. J. C. (Clapham Park).—We never eat our own biscuits.

H. C. P. (Wolverhampton).—We quite agree.

"Hops" (Gillingham).—We cannot see the joke, but we reciprocate your hope that you may shortly be placed in "The Guiness."

"One of Them" (Shanklin).—The instruction to which you refer is thoroughly typical of Civil Service waste.

"Actreaddy" (Shaftesbury).—We suggest that you should put the circulars in a plain envelope, and return them to the firm, unstamped.

E. O. H. (Ipswich).—It certainly seems unnecessary to speak of the "Ipswich Police Male Choir," but we may live to see female policemen in the good time coming when Suffragettes enjoy their own.

H. F. (London).—We agree that there is much necessity for reform in our Poor Law administration, and will make a careful note of what you tell us.

J. M. (Putney).—Obviously a misprint.

C. G. (Cadoxton-Barry) sends us some suggestions for the next Budget, and we shall be happy to consider them if we are then Chancellor of the Exchequer. But we cannot promise to tax bicycles, seeing how useful they are to the poor.

J. O. G. (Queen Victoria Street) objects to our giving the *Daily Express* a biscuit for a cutting which he took from the *Daily Telegraph*. Probably the same reporter sent in the paragraph to several papers.

L. E. P. (Ludlow).—If you look again, you will notice that it was the buffalo which looked inside the barrel of the lady's rifle. We shall get into trouble if we follow the advice of people who ask for biscuits when no biscuits are due.

C. A. (Kidderminster) is hereby promoted to the head of his class of readers.

R. W. (Hampton Wick).—We certainly think that the L.C.C. ought to pay for its carelessness.

J. M. (Rood Lane).—It is certainly very hard that you should be deprived of a telephone because your neighbours do not like the look of the wires. We don't like the look of some of the wires we get.

Mrs. M. D. (Slough) has been pained and surprised to hear that Lord Cromer supports vivisection. So were we. Let's vivisect him.

T. A. H. (Hull).—Remain where you are. We cannot be responsible for our printer's h's. We have enough trouble with our own.

Hennessy please

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ensures a luxurious morning shave.

Of all Chemists 1/-. Send 2d. for sample.

ICILMA Co., Ltd. (Dept. 208), 14a, Rosebery Avenue, London.

A member of Lyons' staff at the White City complains very much at the rate of pay and the hours of work. "We start," she says, "at 9 o'clock in the morning, miss the last train home, and have to walk—arriving home about 1 o'clock in the morning. I refer to those of us girls who have to take it in turn every other Saturday. The rotten part about the business is that we pay our own fare, which costs about 1s., and altogether do about eight hours more than we should on our early Saturday at the shop, and receive about 2s. 6d. less." She tells us that there are about twelve of them waiting for our reply—which is, that such a prosperous firm as Lyons' ought assuredly to make the welfare and comfort of its staff a first consideration.

A. W. D. (Lydd) sends us one of the usual circulars from the Sterling Value Co. (Lambert Chambers, Acre Lane, S.W.). It is quite on the old lines.

S. H. D. (Willesden Green) asks how he may "become a shorthand writer under the new Criminal Appeal Act." We think his best way would be to speak to the Clerk of the Court. A competent man would often be eagerly welcomed, as, owing to the fact that no, or very little, transcript (to which the professional shorthand writer looks for most of his emolument) is usually required, the members of the Institute of Shorthand Writers have declined to do the work. He must, however, considerably increase his speed of 120 words a minute to, say, a comfortable 180, and should accustom himself to long spells of notetaking, as he would frequently have to take down the evidence all day by himself without relief. He should also possess a rough grounding in the law and its procedure.

W. A. M. (London).—A very good cutting. Thanks.

F. B. (Welburn) sends us two cuttings from the *Athletic News*. Hayes is represented as having said to an interviewer: "I ran the distance without refreshment," and as having written to an advertising firm that, after fifteen miles, he took some of their stuff, "and it gave me ease and strength before I had covered another mile." There must have been a mistake somewhere.

C. B. (Eastbourne) sends us the following "human document":

Cape Coast, Feb. 22nd, 1876.

The bearer of this, George Aggrey, is, without exception, the laziest and most good-for-nothing rascal I have ever met. The only thing that I can say for him is that I never caught him in the act of thieving, which does credit to his acuteness.

—— (Captain 14th Hussars).

M. V. (Highbury) writes us a long letter in French telling us how he and a friend went for a walk, and, finding all the omnibuses "archibondes," decided "comme des braves" to take "le tub." They said "2 pour Marble Arch, please!" and received two tickets for Shepherd's Bush. They were about to pass the "pointilleur-verificateur" (he does not know how to say that in English) when the p.-v. shut the gate, and even lengthened M. V.'s nose by several centimetres. Then they learned "by the rumours" that the cars were arriving more than full. So they decided, like many other persons present, to have their tickets reimbursed, and either to take some other means of communication or to proceed on foot. But, voila! the ticket office closed, and nobody to answer. M. V. wants to know what we should have done in their poor and pitiable place. A revolution? Couldn't—were not sufficiently numerous. A bombardment? Impossible, for they had no bombs. A tumult, a disorder, a sack, incendiarism, pillage? Not to be thought of on account of the big policemen dressed up like firemen. A fight with the officials? Out of the question. They were all hidden behind doors, and certainly had an ironical smile on their lips. So our friends went off, and came back to grumble on the following Sunday. But they were merely told that they might still use their tickets. Their pennies had been sequestrated. Our only reason for not being sorry is that the incident has afforded us an opportunity of reading a witty letter.

L. H. (Wood Lane) informs us that competitors in the sports must not enter the Franco-British Exhibition unless they pay a shilling. "Such," he says, "is the hospitality that has resulted from the public subscription of £10,000. It is an insult to our national hospitality." Hear, hear!

"BISCOTIN" (Finchley) is disgusted with one of our correspondents who decried Dublin. He provides us with a list of "decent" shops there, and he says that the cleansing of Dublin can give London points. He goes on to make the excellent suggestion that we should provide a suitable meeting place, fitted with the latest appliances in boxing gloves, pistols, etc., where our subscribers may settle their differences. What does R. G. (Kildare) say?

S. E. R. (King's Norton).—We do not think you would be justified in destroying the cards, but, even if Acte and Co. send stamps for postage, why should you trouble to pack up a parcel and carry it to the post? However, you have offered to do so, and we hope they will be duly grateful.

"KINSON POTTERY" (Ringwood).—Mr. Crow said he did not remember, so we do not think it necessary to assault him, even if he did make a mistake.

ALSO RAN: W. Y. (Oldham), G. N. (Erdington), G. P. (Hammersmith), R. T. (Horfield), N. H. (Islington), H. W. H. (Colombo), G. F. (Worthing), R. V. H. (Cardiff), A. S. (Sheffield), A. P. (Newport), R. A. (Gosforth), A. A. Y. (Edinburgh), "ONE OF THE ASSES WHO PULL" (Salford), D. W. (Glasgow), "TENTATIVE" (Brighton), A. Q. (Harrogate), P. W. M. (Battersea), J. B. B. (Chester), W. F. (Newquay), G. B. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), W. H. W. (Micklegate), B. R. (Stoke-on-Trent), "AN OLD READER" (Brighton), G. C. H. (Loughton), MISS L. L. F. (Brighton), H. B. (Chesterfield), A. B. (Leicester), J. M. B. (Sheffield), W. G. McS. (Headingley), W. C. (Glasgow), "NILPAT" (Kirkdale), H. B. (Huddersfield), A. A. (Newcastle-on-Tyne), F. T. (Brentford), R. P. (Leadenhall Street), H. W. (Streatham), A. G. R. (Stroud Green), E. W. (Wallington), and R. M. D. (Ashford), F. W. (Stoke Newington), R. W. B. (Belfast), S. T. W. (Chorlton-on-Medlock), C. E. W. (Paddington), H. R., R. B. (Shoreditch), F. M. L. (Snow Hill), H. C. (Temple), P. B. (Birkenhead), NURSE K. T. (Preston), R. M. (Leeds), LIEUT. C. A. B. (Manchester), C. H. P. (Leeds), W. H. (Birmingham), A. J. (Kennington Road), S. G. C. (Westminster), F. S. (Edinburgh), A. E. A. (Rochester), A. H. (Leyton), H. G. L. (W. Southbourne), A. P. (Eastbourne), A. S. (Regent Street), B. T. H. (Clerkenwell Road), Miss M. S. (Manchester), E. S. (Sheffield), J. S. M. (Manchester), "REGULAR READER" (Grimsby), and N. P. O. (Sale).

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lottings.

Unquestionable.

How often have we had the most practical evidence of as much depending upon the jockey *suiting* the horse, as the horse suiting the jockey.

A nice sire.

Melton Boy, an own brother to Lord Melton, and a beautiful, dark brown horse of 16 hands, with immense power and bone, is standing at the famous Leybourne Grange Stud, West Malling, Kent, at the nominal fee of 7 guineas. He will assuredly sire Mr. A. B. Worthington many a good winner. May he!

The inner forces know it.

Athough we often see horses figuring in the nomination of very "big pots," doing the most extraordinary things, do not believe that these influential owners have anything to do with what has occurred, or know anything about it. Owners, as a rule, are merely nominators—and payers of the training bill.

There are seldom errors.

It is extraordinary how accurately bookmakers' and backers' accounts agree, say, after a busy week like at York, where there were probably dozens of bets of varying sizes all done in a rush, and quite half of them, probably, by a nod. And as far as the backer is concerned, simply scribbled in an unintelligble hand upon the corner of a race-card or piece of odd paper.

A record of consequence.

Nearly everything in racing or connected with bloodstock has to be registered and paid for at Wetherby's. In exporting thoroughbreds a certificate is necessary at a cost usually of a guinea, and as so much expatriation takes place nowadays it would be interesting to publish a weekly list of all horses sent out of the country, and their destination, similarly to having lists of colours registered, names given, and partnerships entered, etc.

The acme of ruination.

Any one individual stable may not be seriously harmed by the possession of an odd animal, which is very moderate, for they can be put to endless uses in trials, under a minimum weight, or with a start conceded—or be utilised to lead work, etc. But when any one establishment shelters a whole bunch, it is then that the fact becomes painfully proven, that there is nothing more expensive to keep than a bad racehorse!

Sensible and necessary.

Judging by the *really* good names among the members of the Turf Guardian Society, two things are evident—firstly, that the comparatively new amalgamation will serve its purpose, and be a success, and secondly—and which is much more important to all racegoers—that the "big" and "little" men among turf commission agents are AT LAST sensibly becoming alive to the necessity of combination and joint action, sinking the not unnatural jealousy and differences in their positions. To oppose the insidious and very much combined anti-sport forces, a similar amalgamation is badly necessary, and if NOT followed, is certain to lead to the easy victory of sports' opponents.

Prophetic.

I still think that YOUR MAJESTY will win the St. Leger and CUFFS the Great Yorkshire Handicap, to celebrate his owner, Mr. J. S. Morrison's, home-coming.

At Kempton this week-end SANDY ACLAND and GIGHA must be followed, and REALITY should gain his race here or at Derby to-day (Thursday).

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

THISTLE (Glasgow).—Mr. A. Heathorn is a thoroughly respectable man.

THE ACME IN PRIVACY.

Persons who, for private reasons, do not desire to speculate in their own names may, by addressing a confidential letter to Mr. D. M. Gant, Turf Accountant, at 25, Conduit Street, London, W., have their accounts managed under a nom-de-plume, and receive their remittances in such a way that their own Banks will not be acquainted with the character of the transaction.

Many of the leading newspapers and magazines have independently investigated Mr. Gant's business; in every case tributes have thereafter appeared recommending readers to transact their business with this excellent house, and his Bankers permit him publicly to advertise a cash balance of £70,000—which should be sufficient to satisfy the requirements of the most exacting.

Within the last two months four papers have asked permission to investigate every detail of the business, as they wished to write and publish an article on "Turf Accountancy."

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending six penny stamps to the Manufacturers,

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